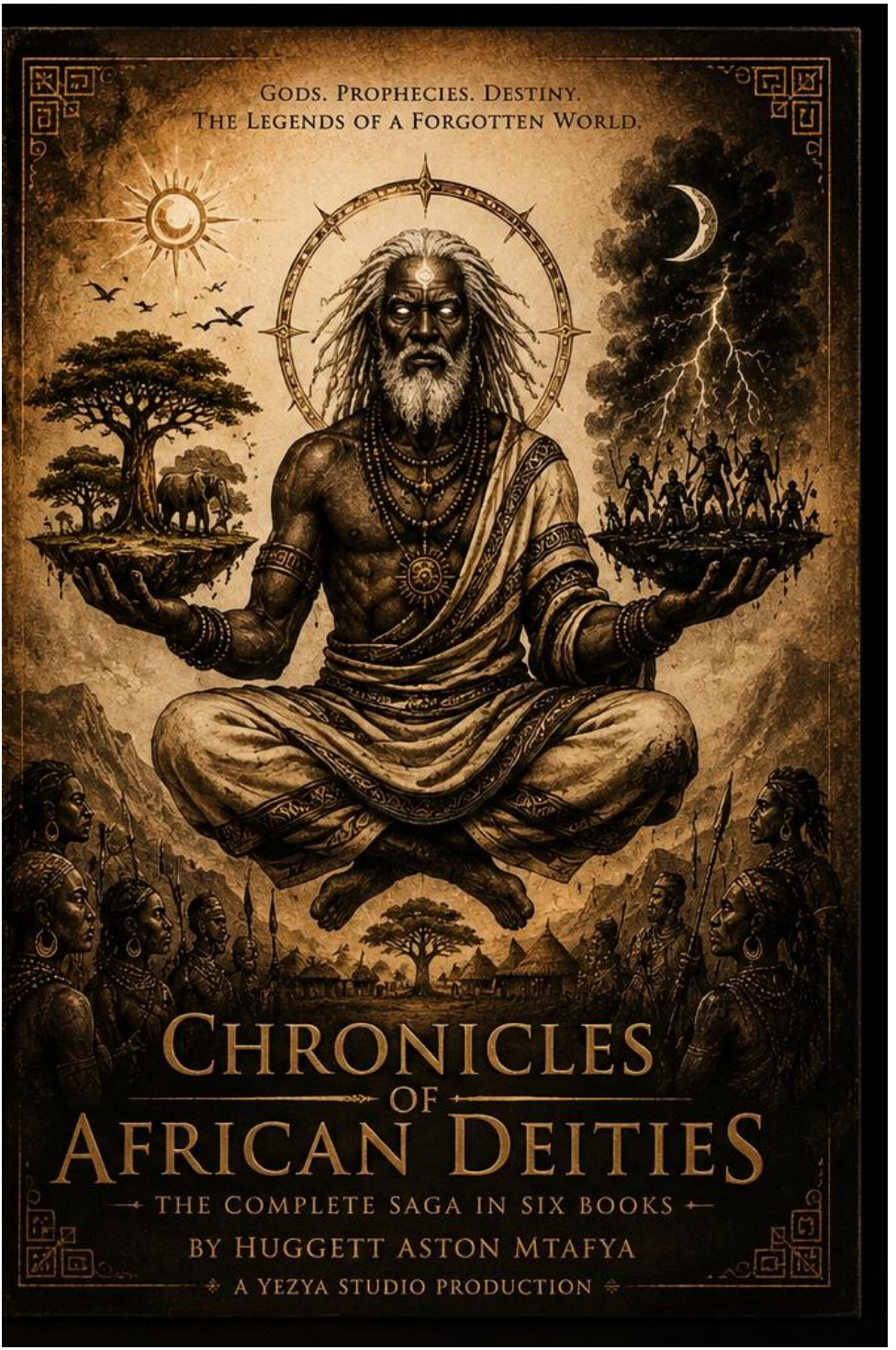
Gods. Prophecies. Destiny.
The Legends of a Forgotten World.
Chronicles
of
African Deities
The Complete Saga in Six Books
by Huggett Aston Mtafya
A Yezya Studio Production

# Disclaimer

*This is a work of fictional mythology inspired by African oral storytelling traditions. It is not affiliated with any religion, culture, or belief system. All characters, names, places, events, and incidents are either imagined or used in a fictional context, and any resemblance to real persons or places is purely coincidental.*

# Chronicles Of African Deities

*This booklet contains 6 books:*

1. *Age of men*
2. *Before breath and thought*
3. *The burning of Nkhanga*
4. *Echoes of the celestial rift*
5. *The shadow over Chisautso*
6. *Gods with men*

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## INTRODUCTION

Yezya Studio is a Malawi-based creative studio dedicated to producing original booklets, comic books, films, animations, and series. Our work is deeply rooted in the African experience and is designed to explore and share authentic myths, stories, and ideas from our continent.

This booklet serves as our debut project, marking the beginning of an expansive creative journey. We have many more stories to share, so please stay tuned for what's next.

Get in Touch

We would love to hear from you. Please feel free to reach out to us at: yezyastudio@gmail.com.

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## Names of deities explored in this booklet

1. Mani
2. Chawuta
3. Chawuta's brother
4. Mphambe
5. Alusi
6. Kalonga
7. Jagiba
8. Myani

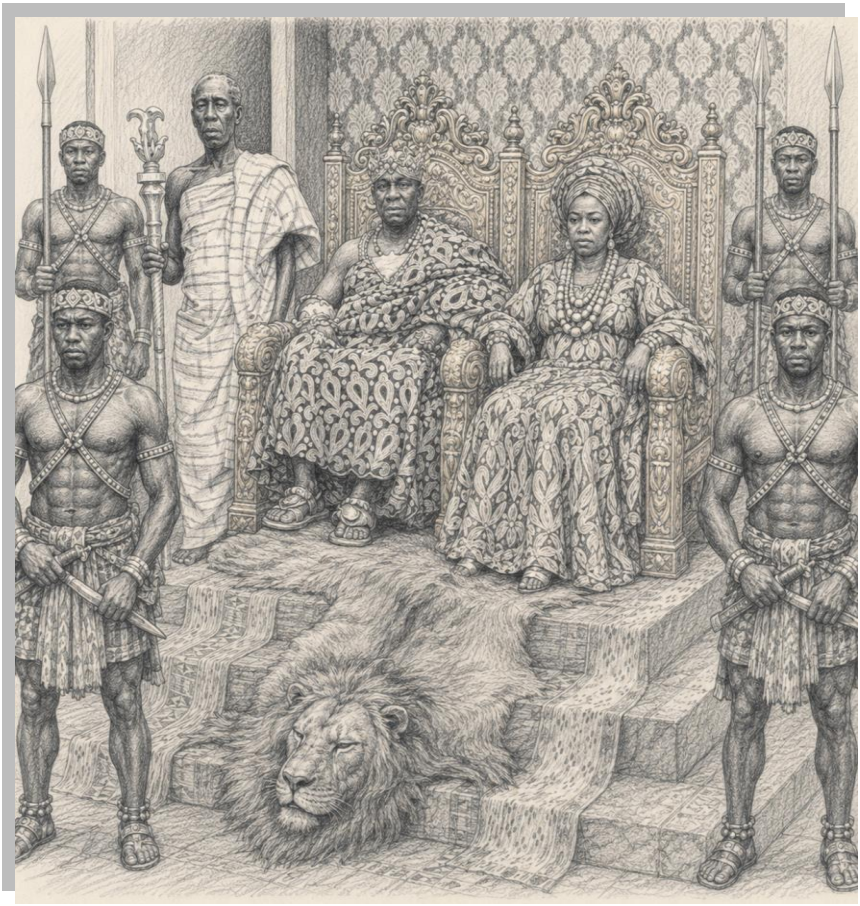
*Most of them are not explored, they will be explored in the other bookwork to come.*

**BOOK ONE**

# THE AGE OF MEN: The Drought of Nkhanga

# BOOK ONE

## THE AGE OF MEN: The Drought of Nkhanga



# CHAPTER I

## *THE LAND THAT FORGOT RAIN*

The dust rose softly beneath their feet as the people of Nkhanga, under King Maseko, walked toward the ancient shrine of stones. Above them, the sky hung pale and lifeless.

No clouds.

No wind.

Only the wind could be heard.

Even the birds had fallen silent.

Even the trees appeared dead long before their leaves had fallen.

The king ordered everyone in the village to prepare for a sacrifice ceremony, where they will offer goods for the gods and their ancestors. To cleanse their sins and their adamant of neglecting the gods.

Young boys carried baskets of sorghum and yams upon their heads. Women followed behind them with clay pots

filled with soup and fermented drink. Men dragged goats and cattle toward the sacred altar built from black stones darkened by centuries of sacrifice.

Among them walked a boy named Tchereni beside his father, Luwani.

Tchereni gazed across the cracked earth stretching toward the dying hills of Nkhanga. Nothing grew there anymore—not cassava, not maize, not even the stubborn yams that usually survived the harshest seasons.

For three years, the land had known no mercy.

The rivers had shrunk into muddy scars. Cattle collapsed where they stood. Wild animals wandered into villages only to die without sickness or visible wounds.

Seeds buried in fertile soil simply refused to awaken.

The people tried everything. They experimented with different soils, different varieties of crops, adopted new farming methods, dug irrigation channels from distant rivers, and planted seeds brought from neighboring kingdoms.

Yet nothing survived.

It was as though the earth itself had rejected mankind.

# CHAPTER II

## *WHEN THE GODS FELL SILENT*

Unlike many boys his age, Tchereni listened carefully whenever the elders spoke. Yet in recent years, stories of the gods, ancestors, and spirits had become rare. The old men no longer gathered children beneath the trees as often as they once had, and many

sacred teachings had slowly faded into silence.

What remained were fragments carried through conversation—stories whispered among children while herding goats, cattle or playing in dusty fields.

They spoke of powerful sorcerers, witch doctors, witches who walked unseen through the night, Anchors of the Ancestors chosen before birth, and great warriors blessed by the gods to protect entire kingdoms.

To Tchereni, these stories felt both distant and real, existing somewhere between memory and truth.

The more he heard, the more questions filled his mind.

Unlike many boys his age, Tchereni's curiosity was driven by more than simple wonder. Deep within him lived a quiet fear and reverence for the divine.

He feared the wrath of the gods, ancestors, and spirits. He had heard stories of kingdoms brought to ruin after abandoning the sacred ways, and he often wondered what sins mankind had committed to deserve such suffering.

Though few people knew it, Tchereni whispered prayers to Mphambe and the ancestors whenever he found himself alone. Sometimes he left small offerings in secret, hoping for guidance that never seemed to come.

Beneath those fears rested a dream he rarely spoke aloud.

One day, he wished to serve and protect the land. He longed to be remembered among the great heroes chosen by the divine—those whose names survived long after their mortal lives had ended.

# CHAPTER III

## *THE PRICE OF FORGOTTEN FAITH*

As they approached the shrine, Tchereni's curiosity finally overcame his hesitation.

"Father," he asked softly, "why have the gods abandoned us?"

Luwani did not answer immediately. His tired eyes remained fixed upon the shrine in the distance.

"They have not abandoned us," he said at last. "We abandoned them first."

The boy frowned.

"But the ancestors protect us, do they not? And does Chawuta not love mankind?"

Luwani stopped walking.

The crowd slowly flowed around them while distant drums echoed across the valley.

Then he knelt beside his son.

"There is something you must understand," he said. "The ancestors are not gods. They are bridges."

"Bridges?"

"Yes. Bridges between mankind and the divine."

Tchereni listened carefully.

"When a person who has lived a worthy life according to the gods dies," Luwani continued, "their spirits enter the ancestral realm. From there they watch over the living. The righteous guide us toward the gods. They carry prayers,

wisdom, and warnings between our world and the realms beyond."

"And Chawuta hears them?"

Luwani nodded.

"Nothing escapes Chawuta. But the ancestors speak for the land. They remember the old ways. They remember the balance that mankind keeps forgetting."

Tchereni looked across the barren fields.

"Then why would Chawuta punish us like this?"

A shadow crossed Luwani's face.

"Because mankind became proud."

A faint breeze stirred the dead grass.

"People stopped honoring the gods. They said, "We no longer need them. We can survive through our own strength."

His voice softened.

"They forgot the sacred songs. They forgot the dances. They forgot the offerings. Some even turned toward darker paths."

"Inyanga?" Tchereni whispered.

Luwani's expression hardened instantly.

"Do not speak that word carelessly."

The boy lowered his head.

"There were those who desired power more than wisdom. Some sought forbidden magic. Some worshipped dark beings hidden beyond the protection of the gods. Others called upon spirits that were never meant to walk among mankind."

"And the gods became angry?"

"The gods became silent first."

Luwani pointed toward the lifeless plains.

"Then came the drought."

Far ahead, the drums grew louder as the people approached the sacred grounds.

Boom.

Boom.

Boom.

The sound rolled across the valley like the heartbeat of the earth itself.

"This is not the first punishment our people have suffered," Luwani said as they resumed walking. "Even our ancestors long ago once angered the gods. Kingdoms older than ours vanished because they abandoned balance."

He pointed toward distant ruins swallowed by dry grass and time.

"Those people once believed themselves greater than the gods."

"What happened to them?"

"Some were lost from the surface of the earth, it's like they were wiped from existence. Others became slaves to neighboring kingdoms. Their names were forgotten."

Tchereni swallowed nervously.

"Will that happen to Nkhanga?"

Luwani did not answer.

# CHAPTER IV

## *BEFORE THE ALTAR OF CHAWUTA*

Ahead of them, the sacred altar rose beneath towering wooden poles carved with ancient symbols. Chawuta was represented by a python. Mphambe appeared as a bolt of lightning. The ancestors were depicted as elders

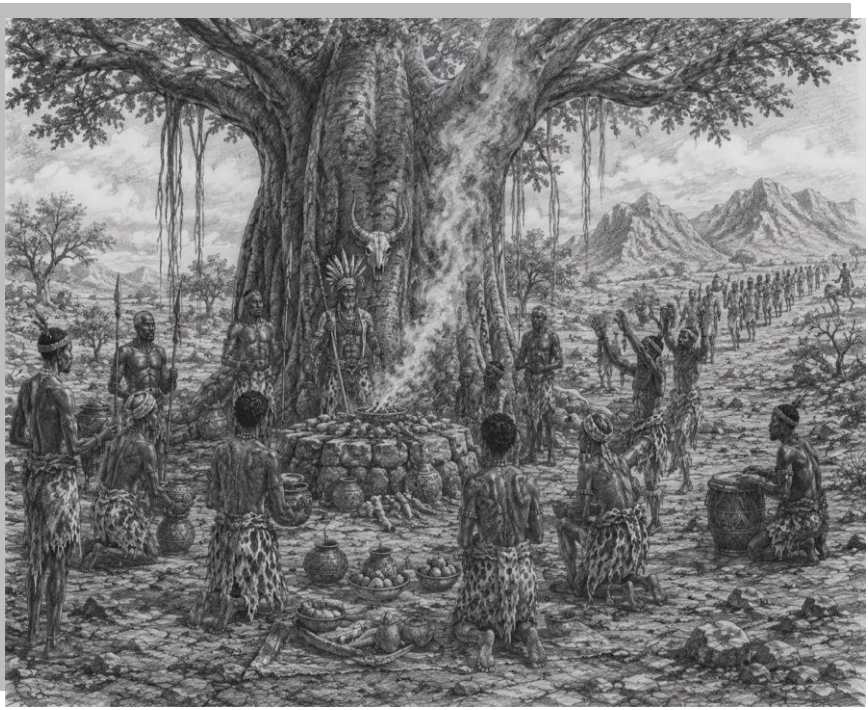
gathered beneath a sacred tree. Above them all watched the Eternal Eye of Heaven.

Two enormous cattle already lay upon the altar stones, their blood flowing through carved channels that disappeared into the earth.

The king had arrived first, as tradition demanded.

Nearby, five goats were being sacrificed. Women poured thick soup around the sacred stones while elders laid offerings of cassava, potatoes, roasted chickens, beer, and sacred herbs before the altar.

Smoke drifted upward into the pale sky.



In response the drums stopped.

Silence settled over the shrine.

From among the gathered people emerged an old man covered in white ash and necklaces carved from bone.

The crowd immediately lowered their heads.

It was Nangogo.

The Eyes and Ears of the gods.

Tchereni stared at the old man in awe.

"Father... is he truly chosen by the ancestors?"

Luwani nodded.

"Before some children are even born, the ancestral realm marks them. When such children are discovered, they are brought to the shrines and taught the sacred ways. They become servants of the gods and guardians of the land."

"Can they speak with spirits?"

"Yes."

"Can they lie?"

For a moment, Luwani remained silent.

"Some do."

The boy looked confused.

"Not all are the same of course," Luwani explained "Some truly serve the ancestors. Others seek power for themselves. Some practice forbidden magic. Some secretly listen to Ingwalaba."

"And what happens to them?"

"The gods judge those who mislead the people."

As though the heavens themselves had heard his words, a distant rumble of thunder echoed across the empty sky.

The crowd gasped.

# CHAPTER V

## *THE VOICE OF THE ANCESTORS*

Nangogo slowly lifted his staff.

His blind white eyes stared upward into nothingness.

He spoke.

"The ancestors have spoken."

A shiver passed through the crowd.

"The gods are displeased."

The wind began to rise.

"You have forgotten the sacred ways."

Dust swirled around the shrine.

"You desired power without wisdom."

The drums resumed, beating slowly and steadily.

"You abandoned the balance established by Chawuta."

Nangogo's voice deepened until it no longer sounded entirely human.

"If mankind continues upon this path, Chawuta shall wipe this kingdom away and raise another people in its place."

Fear spread through the gathering like wildfire.

Mothers pulled their children close.

Warriors lowered their spears.

Even the king bowed his head.

Just then, Nangogo raised both hands toward the heavens.

"But the gods are not without mercy."

A flash of lightning appeared far beyond the mountains.

The people looked upward in astonishment.

For the first time in many seasons, clouds were gathering.

"You shall teach your children the sacred songs once more."

The drums quickened.

"You shall remember the sacred dances."

The women began chanting softly.

"You shall honor the ancestors."

The wind turned colder.

"And you shall never again believe that mankind stands above the gods."

The moment his words ended, a single drop of rain struck the altar stone.

The crowd froze.

Another drop followed.

Then another.

Tchereni lifted his face toward the sky.

His eyes widened.

Thunder rolled across the heavens.

Rain.

After three long years of drought, the sky had finally answered.

Tears streamed down the faces of elders who had nearly forgotten the scent of rain. Women fell to their knees in gratitude. Children laughed and stretched out their hands to catch the falling droplets.

The first signs of life had returned to Nkhanga.

# CHAPTER VI

## *THOSE MARKED BEFORE BIRTH*

Tchereni turned excitedly toward his father.

"Father, when we return home, will you tell me the story of Nanyengo?"

Luwani looked down at him.

"The spirit walker?" he asked.

Tchereni nodded eagerly.

"They say she was chosen by the ancestors to fight evil spirits. They say she could walk between the world of the living and the world of the dead, crossing realms and returning safely to her own body whenever she wished."

His excitement grew.

"And tell me about Jagiba too. The other children are always talking about him. They say his powers only appeared when the world truly needed him."

For the first time that day, a faint smile appeared on the boy's face.

"Sometimes I wish the gods would choose me as well."

Luwani's expression immediately hardened.

"No, my son."

His voice was firm.

"Never desire power simply because it appears glorious."

The boy's smile faded.

They walked quietly for several moments while rain continued to fall around them.

"The power of the gods changes people," Luwani continued. "Even those who begin with noble intentions can become dangerous. That is why such gifts are never given carelessly."

He looked toward the distant horizon.

"Some are chosen before birth. Others are marked during childhood. But true power is entrusted only to those whom the ancestors believe can carry its burden."

"And if they cannot?"

Luwani sighed heavily.

"Then they fall."

The words seemed to carry a weight older than memory itself.

"Do not forget the ancient heroes who once protected mankind. Many began as servants of justice and guardians of peace. Yet power poisoned their hearts."

Rain dripped from his brow.

"They began calling themselves gods. They enslaved the minds of men, crossed forbidden realms in search of

greater knowledge and power, and challenged the divine order itself."

His eyes darkened.

"And for that, they were imprisoned in Kumizimu."

Tchereni felt a chill despite the rain.

The stories he had heard as a child suddenly seemed far less like legends and far more like warnings.

Around them, the people rejoiced beneath the storm.

# CHAPTER VII

## *THE PROPHECY OF MUCHUMU*

But Nangogo did not lower his hands.

Instead, the old sing'anga began to tremble.

At first, only slightly.

Then violently.

The drums stopped.

The thunder faded into silence.

An uneasy feeling swept through the shrine.

Slowly, Nangogo turned toward the western mountains, where darkness gathered unnaturally beneath the storm clouds.

His blind eyes stared into something unseen.

Then he spoke again.

And this time, the voice that emerged was not his own.

The voice that emerged from Nangogo's mouth no longer sounded human.

It sounded ancient.

It was as though countless voices were speaking through him at once—voices buried beneath the earth, carried upon forgotten winds, and preserved within the memory of creation itself.

The elders immediately fell to their knees.

Fear swept across the shrine.

They recognized the forbidden tone of prophecy.

This was no ordinary message from the ancestors.

It was a revelation.

A warning.

A glimpse into a future not yet written.

Nangogo's trembling lips parted.

"When the tree without roots remembers its shadow," he whispered, "the river beneath stone shall speak again."

Silence followed.

The people stared at one another in confusion.

None understood.

The wind grew colder.

Then the old man spoke again.

"The Brother of the silent flame still counts the footsteps of creation."

Lightning flashed across the heavens.

The crowd flinched.

"And when the sky walks beneath the earth, the gate with no door shall open."

Children began to cry.

Warriors gripped their spears with shaking hands.

Even the king lowered his gaze.

Nangogo's staff slowly cracked beneath his tightening grip.

A sharp sound echoed across the shrine.

Then came another warning.

"Beware the drums that sound without hands."

The air seemed to grow heavier.

"Beware the fire that gives no warmth."

The rain weakened.

"Beware the moon that bleeds without wound."

At once, the rainfall stopped.

The clouds remained overhead, but not another drop fell.

An unnatural stillness settled upon the land.

Then Nangogo spoke what would become the most feared words of the prophecy.

"The Forgotten Craftsman does not sleep."

The old man's voice seemed to come from a place beyond life and death.

"He sharpens absence within the dark place."

A violent gust of wind exploded across the shrine.

The altar flames suddenly turned black.

Only for a moment.

But a moment was enough.

People screamed.

Others covered their ears.

Several elders collapsed to the ground in terror.

Then everything ended.

Nangogo's body fell forward.

The old sing'anga struck the earth without attempting to break his fall.

Silence consumed the shrine.

No one moved.

No one spoke.

Even the wind seemed afraid.

# CHAPTER VIII

## *WHISPERS FROM MUCHUMU*

Tchereni clutched his father's arm.

"Father..." he whispered. "What does it mean?"

Luwani's face had lost all color.

For a long moment he said nothing.

Around them, even the oldest elders refused to speak of what they had heard.

At last, Luwani answered.

"It is one of the hidden prophecies."

Tchereni swallowed.

"The prophecy of what?"

His father looked toward the distant mountains where darkness still lingered.

When he finally spoke, his voice was barely more than a whisper.

"The return from Muchumu."

The words sent a chill through the boy's body.

Muchumu.

Even children knew that name.

It was not a place spoken of openly.

It belonged to stories told in low voices after sunset, stories that ended with prayers and warnings.

"But the prophecy speaks in riddles," Luwani continued. "The gods never reveal dangerous truths directly. The future is hidden within symbols, so mankind cannot fully understand it before its appointed time."

His eyes remained fixed upon the horizon.

"Some believe it speaks of Chawuta's Brother."

Tchereni looked up.

"The one imprisoned in Muchumu?"

Luwani nodded gently.

"It is said that the Forgotten One was never destroyed."

The wind moved softly across the wet fields.

"Only abandoned."

For a moment neither father nor son spoke.

Rainwater dripped from the altar stones.

Far away, thunder rolled beyond the mountains.

Then Luwani spoke again.

"And abandoned things sometimes return more dangerous than death itself."

The people of Nkhanga slowly began leaving the shrine.

Relief mixed with fear.

The drought had ended.

The rains had returned.

Yet the prophecy lingered like a shadow over every celebration.

Still, songs rose into the evening air.

Women sang praises to the ancestors.

Elders offered prayers of gratitude.

Children laughed as they splashed through puddles forming along the paths.

For a brief moment, hope returned to the kingdom.

Yet not everyone felt at peace.

Some villagers noticed long lines of black ants moving across the muddy ground.

Thousands of them.

They marched in complete silence.

All traveled eastward.

None strayed from the path.

The elders exchanged uneasy glances.

Ancient traditions taught that such signs marked the movement of destiny itself.

Soon whispers spread through the crowd.

Some believed fate had begun its journey toward Nkhanga.

Others feared something darker.

As twilight descended upon the land, an owl landed atop a dead tree overlooking the shrine.

Its cry pierced the evening air.

It did not sound like a creature celebrating the return of life.

It sounded like a warning.

The cry echoed across the wet fields.

Across the hills.

Across the darkening sky.

And though the people sang and rejoiced, many felt an unexplained heaviness settle within their hearts.

Far beyond the western mountains, where no human eyes could see, something ancient stirred within the darkness.

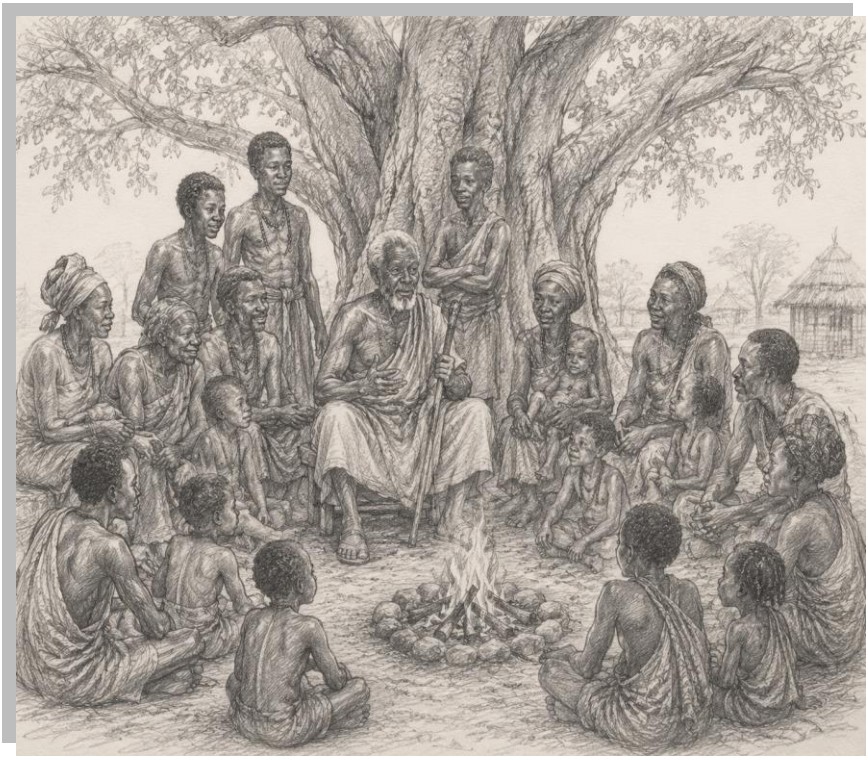
And for the first time in countless ages, the silence of Muchumu had begun to break.

# BOOK TWO

# BEFORE BREATH AND THOUGHT

# *BOOK TWO*

## *BEFORE BREATH AND THOUGHT*



# CHAPTER I

## *BENEATH THE GREAT BAOBAB TREE*

The moon hung low above the village, bathing the land in pale silver light. Beyond the circle of huts, beneath the great baobab tree that had stood longer than anyone could remember, a fire crackled softly against the darkness.

The flames danced and twisted as if they were alive, sending sparks into the night sky where they disappeared among the stars.

Children sat closest to the fire. Some leaned forward eagerly while others rested their chins upon their knees. Behind them sat their mothers and fathers, and behind them the elders of the village. The night was calm, yet no one spoke loudly, for this was a night for stories.

At the center sat old Gumbi, the oldest man in the village.

His hair was white as ash. His face carried the marks of many seasons. His

hands trembled slightly with age, yet his eyes remained bright and watchful.

For many years he had been the keeper of stories.

The children believed he knew every tale ever told.

The old man stared into the fire for a long time before speaking.

"Come closer, children."

The children moved nearer.

"Tonight I will tell you the story that was told to me by my grandfather. And it was told to him by his grandfather

before him. And before that, it was told by those who lived when the gods still walked among men."

The children exchanged curious glances.

One boy raised his hand.

"Grandfather, is this the story of Chawuta?"

The old man smiled.

"Yes."

Another child leaned forward.

"The real Chawuta?"

"The same Chawuta who shaped creation."

A girl frowned.

"Did people really speak to the gods?"

The old man poked the fire with his stick.

"There was once a time when men did not need shrines to speak to the gods. There was once a time when gods walked among villages as strangers, hunters, travelers, storms, animals, and even as ordinary people. But that time has long passed."

The fire crackled.

The wind whispered through the leaves above them.

The old man looked toward the stars.

"My children, before there were kings, before there were villages, before there was rain or drought, before there were ancestors and spirits, there was a story."

He hesitated.

"A story so old that even the gods remember only parts of it."

The children sat silently.

The old man's voice became lower.

"And that story begins before breath and thought..."

Then he began to tell them about Ng'anda, Mani, Chawuta, and the First Division.

And as the old man spoke, the children listened, while the fire burned beneath the ancient baobab tree.

# CHAPTER II

## *THE FIRST HANDS OF CREATION*

### PROLOGUE

Before breath had meaning and before silence had been given a name, there existed only Ng'anda, the boundless state of being that could not be measured by distance, time, or thought, for even the idea of

measurement had not yet been born within it.

In that vast and unbroken existence, there was no beginning to remember and no end to anticipate, only continuity without awareness of separation, until within that completeness there arose Mani, not as a being formed or shaped, but as existence itself becoming aware that it was whole. Yet even wholeness carries within it the quiet tension of becoming many, for without difference there can be no recognition, and without separation there can be no story, and thus from Mani came the first unfolding division, not as destruction

but as transformation, and from that transformation all things that would later be called reality began to take root.

From that first division came two presences that were not yet enemies nor companions but reflections of one origin learning to perceive itself through contrast. These two were not born as mortals are born, nor shaped as creatures are shaped, but emerged as necessary expressions of balance within the first fracture of existence. One would later come to be known as Chawuta, and the other as His Brother whose name is still hidden, though in

that earliest moment even names had not yet settled into meaning. They existed together in a time before opposition had hardened into conflict, yet already within their shared origin lay the possibility of disagreement, for even divine unity cannot escape the inevitability of interpretation, and interpretation is the first step toward separation.

In the earliest unfolding of creation, before worlds had taken their final shape and before the laws of existence had settled into permanence, Chawuta's Brother moved through Ng'anda as one

who understood structure before it became form, shaping patterns from raw existence with a precision that did not yet require names or categories. His creations were vast and intricate, formed not from imitation but from a deeper instinct that existed before intention had fully matured into will, and it was within this early crafting that Chawuta first observed not only the power of creation but the beauty of it. In that observation something within him awakened—not envy, but a deep recognition that creation itself was meant to be expanded, shared, and

transformed beyond its original expression.

It was from this realization that Chawuta approached His Brother, not as rival but as learner, seeking to understand the hidden structure behind creation so that he too might participate in shaping existence. From this union, the earliest foundations of reality began to take form. Matter was shaped where none had existed, laws were formed where there had only been potential, and direction was given to forces that once moved without purpose. For a time, harmony ruled their work, and creation

expanded under shared vision, though neither yet understood that even unity can fracture when purpose begins to diverge.

As time unfolded, Chawuta's attention shifted increasingly toward the shaping of life itself, and among all forms of existence he became deeply attached to mankind, seeing within them both fragility and promise. His Brother observed this growing attachment with quiet unease, for where Chawuta saw devotion, he began to see imbalance; and where Chawuta saw purpose, he began to see neglect. Slowly, the shared

vision that bound them began to separate into two interpretations of what creation was meant to become.

Before the First Hands of Creation are remembered, one truth must remain unchanged.

The Brother of Chawuta is never spoken by name.

This is not because his name has been forgotten, nor because it has been lost to time. It is because Chawuta himself forbade it.

Among the oldest laws of creation is this: every true name carries a path. To know

a name is to establish a connection, and every connection leaves a trace across existence.

Chawuta understood that if mankind remembered His Brother's true name, their thoughts, prayers, rituals, and even idle speech could become threads leading toward the one imprisoned in Muchumu. Though no single voice would be enough to free him, countless voices across generations could strengthen his presence, guide his awareness toward this realm, or weaken the barriers that keep him sealed.

Therefore, Chawuta erased the name from every divine record, every heavenly tongue, and every memory that could preserve it. Even the gods speak of him only as The Brother, the Forgotten One, or the Craftsman, for to restore his true name would be to restore the path by which he may one day return.

Thus, the greatest prison was never Muchumu alone.

It was oblivion.

And so his name remains unspoken.

# CHAPTER III

## *THE FIRST FRACTURE*

As Chawuta immersed himself further into the shaping of mankind, his affection for them grew into something absolute, and in that absoluteness the balance between him and His Brother began to weaken, for attention that is

given entirely in one direction inevitably leaves another direction in shadow. His Brother, watching this shift, began to act not out of simple anger but out of a belief that creation required contrast in order to survive meaningfully, and thus within the unseen layers of existence he introduced forces that would later be understood as corruption, desire, ambition, suffering, and conflict, not as pure evil, but as principles of imbalance that would force choice to become real rather than predetermined.

When Chawuta eventually perceived these changes within creation, his reaction was not immediate destruction but deep conflict within himself, for he understood that without opposition, choice itself would lose meaning, yet

without guidance, choice could also lead to collapse, and it was within this tension that His Brother spoke words that would forever alter the direction of existence, declaring that love without freedom was control disguised as care, and that beings must be allowed to choose their path even if that path led to ruin. From this moment forward, creation was no longer a unified expression of will, but a divided system of consequence, where every action carried weight and every choice opened paths that could not easily be undone.

It was within this growing divergence that Chawuta began to recognize something greater: that creation alone was not enough without balance, and that every action and decision must carry weight if existence was to retain meaning. From this understanding, he expanded the original creation into countless expressions of reality, each shaped by consequence and choice. In doing so, Chawuta became the steward of the innumerable realms, guiding the delicate order that bound them together, while the memory of the two brothers endured in the fabric of

existence—for their unity had given birth to creation, and their divergence had given it meaning.

# CHAPTER IV

## *KEEPERS OF REALITY*

As creation expanded beyond the ability of any single presence to maintain its balance, Chawuta formed countless divine beings, not as rulers in the human sense but as extensions of responsibility distributed across the

structure of existence itself. Time and space are not a concept of influence to them. These beings were given duties that ensured the continuity of reality, some governing storms and atmospheric movement, others overseeing time so that moments would not collapse into disorder, and others guarding life and death so that neither would overwhelm the other beyond balance. Some were tasked with sealing fractures in reality when existence began to weaken, while others were given the burden of guiding the unfolding of possibility so that creation would not become stagnant or collapse under rigidity.

Among these beings stood Kalonga, who functioned not as ruler but as mediator, gathering the voices of divine authority when disagreement arose and

ensuring that decisions could still be reached even when unity was fractured. Within this divine structure, time itself was no longer experienced as linear progression but as a complete and simultaneous existence, where past, present, and future were not separate moments but overlapping expressions of the same eternal pattern, visible in totality to those who existed beyond mortal limitation. Yet even within such awareness, uncertainty remained, for seeing all possible outcomes did not guarantee control over them, and understanding every path did not

prevent the emergence of unforeseen consequences.

# CHAPTER V

## *WHEN A GOD WAS BANISHED*

As disagreement between the brothers intensified and the stability of creation began to show signs of strain, Chawuta made a decision that would forever alter the structure of existence by sealing His Brother within Muchumu,

a void beyond direction, form, and return, where even memory struggled to maintain coherence. This act was not driven by hatred but by necessity, for Chawuta perceived that continued conflict between them would eventually fracture creation beyond repair, and thus Muchumu was formed as containment rather than punishment, though in its silence it became something far heavier than either.

Yet the sealing of His Brother did not bring peace, for from this act arose the full awakening of Ingwalaba, beings bound to His Brother through loyalty that transcended reason and time. Some had been created to worship him eternally, others to seek him across fractured existence, and others to act in

destruction against anything that prevented reunion. United by loss and purpose, they began to move across realms not as scattered entities but as a single will driven by the refusal to accept absence, and in their movement, they became a force that tested the stability of creation itself.

# CHAPTER VI

## *THE FIRST AGE OF MORTALS*

There was once an age when gods walked freely among mankind, appearing not as distant forces but as direct presences within daily life, taking the form of wind, water, animal, flame, and even human likeness so that interaction between realms was immediate and unbroken. During this

time knowledge flowed directly from divine to mortal, shaping agriculture, healing, warfare, and understanding in ways that allowed humanity to grow rapidly, yet this closeness also introduced instability, for humans began to seek not only knowledge but dominion over knowledge itself, believing that access to divine understanding implied ownership of it.

As ambition grew, some began to form connections with forbidden forces, including the influence of Ingwalaba, seeking power beyond natural limitation, and in doing so they introduced corruption into the balance that had once been stable. Because of this, the gods withdrew from direct interaction,

not as abandonment but as containment, for continued presence among humanity was causing distortion in the structure of existence itself, and thus communication became indirect, expressed through ritual, worship, and symbolic acts rather than physical presence.

# CHAPTER VII

## *THE ORDER OF CREATION*

Within the structure of creation, realms existed in layered magnitude that could not be understood through mortal measurement, for each realm contained different densities of reality and consequence. The mortal world

existed as the most immediate layer of experience, yet below it stood Kumizimu (underworld), a vast realm of spirits, memory, punishment, and unresolved existence that stretched far beyond human comprehension. Above mortal world stood the heavens, a realm of order, stability, and ancestral continuity where divine preserve and maintain balance over unfolding reality.

Yet beyond all of these layers lay Ng'anda, the origin from which all existence emerged, boundless and without measurable boundary, where even the concept of distance loses meaning and where all possible structures of existence originate simultaneously. Within this

understanding, even divine hierarchy was not about superiority but about function, ensuring that each layer of existence maintained its role within the greater balance.

When disagreement among divine forces escalated into open conflict between Alusi and Mphambe, the consequences were not contained within their realm but spread across all layers of existence, affecting storms, seasons, time flow, and even the stability of mortal perception. Their conflict was not rooted in destruction alone but in opposing philosophies of

order, with Alusi believing that structure required authority to remain stable, while Mphambe believed that balance required flexibility and preservation rather than control.

As their conflict intensified, reality itself began to respond, causing storms without season, rivers that shifted course without reason, and moments where time behaved inconsistently across different regions of existence. Yet even within this chaos, neither sought total destruction, for both understood that collapse of existence would render their conflict meaningless. Thus, their war became not a pursuit of victory but a struggle for balance under opposing interpretations of stability.

# CHAPTER VIII

## *WHEN DARKNESS FOUND A VOICE*

From the fractures left by divine conflict emerged the full collective awakening of Ingwalaba, no longer scattered across origin points but unified through shared purpose that transcended individual identity. They

moved across realms seeking restoration of their creator, believing that the sealing of Chawuta's Brother represented a rupture in cosmic justice, and in their movement they began testing the limits of divine order itself.

They crossed boundaries between Kumizimu, mortal lands, and hidden spaces within existence where reality becomes thin and uncertain, seeking weakness not through direct destruction but through persistence, influence, and pressure upon the structure of balance. Their presence was not always violent, but it was constant, and in its constancy it became a form of

challenge that even the gods could not fully ignore.

Even after all conflict and transformation, Chawuta remained as the silent observer of creation, neither absent nor fully present in form, but existing as awareness across all layers of existence simultaneously. Mphambe continued to guard the heavens, Alusi maintained order within Kumizimu (underworld), and Kalonga continued to mediate divine structure when unity was required, yet none of them could fully erase the awareness that Muchumu remained sealed but not forgotten.

Creation continued forward, not as a finished design but as an ongoing condition of balance maintained through tension rather than resolution, where every action carried consequence and every consequence reshaped possibility. And within that endless unfolding, the truth remained that existence is never fully stable, never fully predictable, and never fully beyond change.

And so, the story does not end.

It only continues to be remembered.

The Fire Grows Quiet

The old man fell silent.

For a long moment, only the sound of the fire could be heard.

The flames had grown smaller.

The moon had climbed high into the sky.

Even the insects seemed quieter than before.

The children sat motionless.

Some stared into the fire.

Others stared at the stars.

The story had ended, but its weight remained among them.

At last, one small boy spoke.

"So Chawuta is still watching us?"

The old man nodded slowly.

"Perhaps."

Another child asked,

"And Ingwalaba still search for their master?"

"Perhaps."

A girl looked toward the darkness beyond the village.

"And Chawuta's Brother... is he still trapped in Muchumu?"

The old man smiled faintly.

"That is what the story says."

The children became quiet again.

The old man placed another piece of wood into the fire.

Its flames rose briefly.

"My children, stories are not only told so that we remember the past. Stories are told so that we remember ourselves."

He pointed toward the stars.

"The gods may be distant."

He pointed toward the earth.

"But our choices remain here."

The fire crackled.

The old man leaned back.

"Whether Chawuta still watches..."

"Whether Mphambe still guards the heavens..."

"Whether Ingwalaba still wander the hidden places..."

"Whether Chawuta's Brother will ever return..."

"Those are questions each generation must answer for itself."

The children stared into the darkness.

Then the old man smiled.

"And now I leave you with questions."

He raised a finger.

"If Chawuta sees the beginning and the ending of all things, why does he still fear the return of His Brother?"

A second finger.

"If Ingwalaba only want their creator returned, are they truly evil?"

A third finger.

"If the gods once walked among men, what caused men to lose their way?"

A fourth finger.

"And if Chawuta's Brother escaped Muchumu tonight..."

"What would become of creation tomorrow?"

The children had no answers.

Neither did the elders.

The fire burned lower.

One by one, the villagers rose and returned to their homes.

Soon only the stars remained above the ancient baobab tree.

And somewhere beyond sight, beyond memory, beyond the knowing of men...

# The story continued.

# BOOK THREE

# THE BURNING OF NKHANGA

# BOOK THREE

## THE BURNING OF NKHANGA

# CHAPTER I

## *THE KING WITHOUT SLEEP*

The drought had weakened Nkhanga long before the war began. Rivers had become scars of cracked mud stretching through the kingdom. Fields that once carried sorghum and cassava now held only dust and dying

insects. Cattle bones rested beside dry wells like forgotten offerings to death itself.

Even the strongest warriors had become thin. And kingdoms nearby were watching.

The rains had returned. For a day the people of Nkhanga celebrated the mercy of Chawuta.

Children played once again in streams that had long been dry. Women sang as they planted fresh seed into the softened earth, while elders thanked the ancestors with prayers, dances before sunrise.

But not everyone found peace.

Far above the kingdom, within the royal palace overlooking the valleys of Nkhanga, King Maseko had not slept for many nights.

Every report brought before him carried the same warning.

"Our neighbors are watching."

"They know we are weak."

"They know our warriors are hungry."

"They know our granaries are empty."

The king stood beside the great window overlooking his kingdom.

"I feared the drought," he whispered.

"Now I fear what follows it."

Word had spread across the surrounding kingdoms that Nkhanga had barely survived.

The kingdoms Maseko had conquered years before had begun gathering warriors.

Others sharpened their spears.

Some demanded revenge.

Others desired Nkhanga's wealth.

The king closed his eyes.

"I have led my people into danger."

That evening he summoned the council.

Elders from every district entered the great meeting house.

Royal commanders took their places beside the walls.

Last to enter was Nangogo, the Eyes and Ears of the Gods.

His white robes brushed softly across the floor as silence settled over the gathering.

"My king," Nangogo said quietly.

King Maseko sighed.

"I called you because my heart knows no rest."

He looked around the council.

"Our kingdom stands weaker than it has for generations."

"If our enemies attack now..."

"...can we defend our people?"

No one answered.

The silence itself became an answer.

That night the king climbed the great baobab tree that overlooked the royal grounds.

He often came there when decisions became too heavy for one man.

Only Nangogo and twelve royal guards accompanied him.

The moon hung silently above them.

Still...

The king could not sleep.

One guard finally spoke.

"My king, you should rest."

Another nodded.

"The kingdom needs your strength."

King Maseko slowly shook his head.

"How can I sleep..."

"...when thousands sleep because they trust me?"

His voice broke.

"I have failed."

The words stunned everyone.

"I did not lead my people in the ways of the gods."

"I should have commanded the kingdom to remain faithful."

"Instead..."

"...I neglected Chawuta."

His eyes filled with regret.

"I believed our wealth made us strong."

"I believed our victories came from my wisdom."

"I believed my own intelligence had built this kingdom."

He lowered himself onto the roots of the ancient tree.

"But it was never my doing."

"It was always the mercy of the gods."

He lifted his hands toward the heavens.

"Chawuta..."

"Have mercy upon your servant."

"I have sinned through pride."

Nangogo stepped forward.

"My king."

"The gods have answered our prayers."

"The rains have returned."

"They have not abandoned Nkhanga."

"They merely allowed pride to fall before mercy could rise."

The king nodded slowly.

"But I fear war."

Nangogo remained silent.

One elderly councilor finally whispered,

"My king..."

"I believe we should leave everything to the gods."

Several elders quietly agreed.

Whispers spread throughout the gathering.

Nangogo struck the ground with his sacred staff.

"Enough!"

The whispers stopped immediately.

King Maseko looked toward him.

"What are they whispering?"

Nangogo remained silent for a moment.

Then he spoke carefully.

"I believe someone believes he can challenge our gods."

The king frowned.

"Who?"

Before Nangogo could answer, another elder rose to his feet.

"My king..."

"There are whispers among travelers."

"They say the punishment may not yet be over."

"They say war is coming."

The king's face turned pale.

For several moments he could not speak.

Nangogo placed a hand upon his shoulder.

"My king..."

"It is better that you sleep."

Instead, the king asked quietly,

"What if..."

"...we fought with forbidden magic?"

The entire council gasped.

Several elders cried out together.

"No!"

"No, my king!"

"Never!"

One elder fell to his knees.

"Dark magic brings victory only for a moment."

"But it's price lasts generations."

Another elder added,

"We would invite the wrath of Chawuta."

"Our children..."

"...and our grandchildren..."

"...would inherit the curse."

Nangogo suddenly lifted both hands.

His voice thundered through the night.

"Eyii!"

"Eyii! Uhmmm!"

The air itself seemed to tremble.

"The gods will never bless such a path."

"Our punishment would become greater."

"It would pass from father to son."

"From generation to generation."

"We shall not walk that road."

Silence returned.

At last, exhaustion overcame the king.

He retired to his chambers.

For the first time in many nights...

...sleep found him.

But before dawn, hurried footsteps echoed through the palace.

"My king!"

"My king!"

King Maseko awoke instantly.

A royal messenger burst through the doorway and knelt.

"Our scouts have returned."

"The neighboring kingdoms are marching toward Nkhanga."

"They come with war."

Within moments the great council hall filled once again.

Chiefs.

Elders.

Chief Warriors

Nangogo.

All stood waiting for the king.

King Maseko looked upon them.

"What shall we do?"

The oldest Chief Warrior stepped forward.

"We fight."

Another commander nodded.

"We defend our homeland."

The elders agreed.

"But not through darkness."

Nangogo lifted his sacred staff.

"We shall fight with clean hands."

"We shall fight beneath the eyes of Chawuta."

"We shall fight under the protection of the ancestors."

King Maseko slowly drew his sword.

Its blade reflected the first light of dawn.

"Then let every warrior prepare."

Nangogo stepped among the gathered soldiers.

“Go and collect everyone who can fight, and every soldier and meet me at my shrine so as I give you the blessings of your ancestors and the gods”

# CHAPTER II

## *THE LAST PRAYER OF NKHANGA*

Only a day after the rains in Nkhanga had finally started to fall, the enemies of Nkhanga gathered.

Far beyond the eastern hills ruled the Kingdom of Masewe. A proud land led by King Chikuta, a ruler who believed

strength belonged to those willing to seize it.

When word spread that Nkhanga's crops had failed again, and that even the sacred trees refused to grow, the council of Masewe gathered beneath torchlight.

One elder spoke carefully.

"Nkhanga has been abandoned by the gods."

Another replied,

"Or punished."

King Chikuta leaned forward upon his carved throne.

“Then they are weak.”

The room fell silent.

“For years,” the king continued, “Nkhanga stood as a shield between our lands and the great trade caravans that carried gold, ivory, salt, and other precious goods. Their warriors once frightened kingdoms. Their shrines carried the protection of ancestors.”

He stood slowly.

“But now even their gods starve them.”

The king pointed his spear toward the west.

“We march before the rains return.”

And so, the drums of war began.

In Nkhanga, smoke already rose from funeral fires when scouts returned carrying terrible news.

“The armies of Masewe are coming.”

Fear spread quickly through the villages. The people were exhausted—starving, weak, and hopeless. Some whispered that the gods had finally abandoned them completely. Others believed this

was the final punishment foretold by Nangogo.

At the great shrine, the elders gathered beside the altar stones. Among them stood Nangogo, his blind eyes covered in white ash.

The king of Nkhanga struck his staff upon the ground.

“What do the ancestors say?”

Silence filled the shrine.

Then Nangogo answered softly.

“The gods shall not fight this battle for us.”

Fear spread among the elders.

But the old sing'anga raised his hand.

"Yet they shall decide whether we deserve to stand."

The warriors of Nkhanga were summoned before the sacred altar. Hundreds gathered carrying spears, shields of animal hide, axes blackened by fire, and charms passed through generations.

Women surrounded them, singing ancient songs of the ancestors. Drums echoed across the dark plains.

BOOM.

BOOM.

BOOM.

Horn calls echoed through the air.

The low, mournful wail of war horns pierced the night air, echoing across the hills.

“Poo-pooo!

Poooooo!”

Nangogo walked among the warriors carrying a clay bowl filled with sacred oil, ash, and the blood of sacrificial goats. One by one, he marked their foreheads.

As he touched each warrior, he whispered:

“May the ancestors remember your name.”

The warriors responded together:

“And may we not shame the land.”

He anointed their foreheads with sacred ash.

He bowed down and raised his face up.

"May Chawuta strengthen your hearts."

"May the ancestors guide your spears."

"May courage stand where fear once lived."

Outside, the war drums of Nkhanga began to sound.

The kingdom had survived the drought.

Now it would face the storm of men.

Then the fires around the shrine suddenly rose unnaturally high. The wind began moving in circles. Some warriors claimed they saw figures standing beyond the flames—old kings, dead warriors, ancient mothers, and forgotten hunters.

The ancestors had come.

No one spoke. Even the strongest men trembled.

Nangogo lifted both hands toward the heavens.

“Chawuta!”

The drums stopped instantly.

“If this kingdom must fall, let it fall with honor!”

Thunder rolled across the sky.

“For we are still your children!”

Lightning flashed far above the shrine.

And for a brief moment, rain touched the earth again.

The warriors roared.

# CHAPTER III

## *THE KING'S OATH*

King Maseko stood upon the highest cliff overlooking his kingdom.

Below him, fires burned throughout the villages as people cooked their final stores of food.

Behind him stood his more than 20 sons, each a prince of Nkhanga, together with the commanders of the royal army.

No songs rose from the villages.

Only the cries of hungry children drifted through the cold air. And fear of the battle to come covered the atmosphere of the village.

For many seasons the drought had refused to end.

The rivers had become scars across the land. Granaries stood empty. The cattle that once covered the plains now lay as bones beneath the sun.

Yet hunger had become only one enemy.

The neighboring kingdoms, once weakened by raids from Nkhanga, had begun fighting back. Every journey in search of grain, livestock, or water became another battle. Soldiers returned with fewer supplies than before, while many never returned at all.

For a long time, the king remained silent.

Then he spoke.

"I have failed this kingdom."

None dared answer.

"My fathers believed that strength was measured by the number of kingdoms we conquered."

His eyes remained fixed upon the dark plains.

"So I conquered."

"I took cattle."

"I took land."

"I enslaved men."

"I believed fear would protect us."

His voice grew heavy.

"But today..."

"...we stand alone."

The words struck the princes harder than any spear.

"Our enemies surround us because I made them enemies."

The oldest prince stepped forward.

"Father..."

The king raised his hand.

"No."

"I must speak the truth before the gods."

"He slowly turned toward his sons.

'I need twelve of you to divide yourselves into two groups.'

'Six shall travel north.'

'Six shall travel east.'

'The rest of you will remain to join the battle.'"

"You will carry gifts worthy of kings."

The royal treasurer stepped forward carrying chests of gold.

Blacksmiths laid finely crafted iron hoes, spears, axes, and knives before the princes.

Ivory tusks, woven cloth, salt, and carved ornaments were added beside them.

"You shall not go as conquerors."

"You shall go as brothers."

The princes looked at one another in surprise.

"You will ask the kingdoms of Mphandula and Chankhunda for friendship."

"If they accept, tell them Nkhanga no longer desires slaves."

"We seek allies."

"We seek peace."

"If war comes..."

"...we shall stand together."

Silence followed.

One prince finally asked,

"And if they refuse us?"

The king lowered his head.

"Then we shall fight alone."

After giving his orders, King Maseko dismissed everyone except Nangogo.

Before dawn, he climbed alone into the mountains overlooking Nkhanga.

There he knelt before an ancient shrine hidden among weathered rocks.

He prayed.

"Chawuta..."

"If pride has blinded me..."

"...open my eyes."

"If conquest has angered heaven..."

"...teach me peace."

"I swear before you and before the ancestors..."

"...never again shall I measure greatness by the kingdoms I destroy."

"I shall measure it by the kingdoms that call me friend."

"I shall unite nations instead of dividing them."

"I shall protect rather than enslave."

The mountain remained silent.

Then a cool wind passed through the trees.

Clouds slowly gathered beyond the western hills.

Nangogo watching from below fell to his knees.

"The gods have heard him," he whispered.

Far below, the warriors of Nkhanga prepared for the greatest battle in the kingdom's history.

# CHAPTER IV

## *THE NIGHT OF ENDLESS BURNING*

At dawn, the armies of Masewe arrived. They came like a river of iron and dust across the plains—thousands of warriors, burning torches, and war drums.

The people of Nkhanga watched from behind wooden defenses and weakened stone walls.

The first attack came before sunrise.

Flaming arrows darkened the sky. Homes burst into fire. Children screamed. Goats and cattle ran wildly through the smoke.

Warriors clashed beneath burning rooftops while drums thundered endlessly through the valley. Masewe's soldiers pushed deep into the outer villages.

Nkhanga began losing ground quickly.

A great warrior named Chidongo fell beside the river after fighting six men alone. Another warrior, Nthale, burned alive protecting trapped children from collapsing huts.

For a moment, it seemed the prophecy had already begun.

Then the wind changed.

Dark clouds gathered above the battlefield. The soldiers of Masewe slowed. The air became heavy. Thunder rolled once. Twice.

Then lightning exploded across the plains.

The warriors of Nkhanga shouted in terror and hope.

“Mphambe!”

Rain began pouring violently from the sky. Mud swallowed the enemy’s advance. Fire arrows died instantly.

The winds screamed across the battlefield so fiercely that some soldiers dropped their weapons entirely.

And among the storm, strange things were seen.

Some warriors swore shadowed figures fought beside Nkhanga's soldiers—dead ancestors carrying spears of lightning, ancient kings standing upon the rain itself.

Others claimed enemy soldiers turned upon each other after hearing voices within the storm.

The people believed the ancestors had entered the war—not to fight for Nkhanga, but to judge whether the kingdom deserved survival.

The battle lasted until nightfall.

Many homes burned. Many warriors died. The cattle fields were destroyed. The kingdom bled heavily.

But Nkhanga did not fall.

By the second night, the armies of Masewe retreated eastward in fear. King Chikuta himself barely escaped after lightning shattered the ground beside his shield.

When the battle finally ended, the people gathered once more at the shrine.

Not in celebration.

But in humility.

For they understood something terrible:

The gods had not saved them because they were powerful.

The gods had spared them because they remembered their place beneath heaven.

And Nangogo spoke quietly beside the dying altar flames:

**“When mankind forgets the gods, kingdoms become dust.**

**But when mankind remembers… even the ancestors rise.”**

# CHAPTER V

## *THE COVENANT OF KINGS*

The smoke of war still drifted above the plains of Nkhanga.

Broken shields lay scattered across the battlefield beside shattered spears and fallen banners. Vultures circled high

above as the cries of the wounded slowly faded into silence.

Nkhanga had won.

But victory had demanded a terrible price.

King Maseko walked alone among the fallen.

His soldiers followed at a distance, unwilling to disturb their ruler.

He stopped beside the body of his eldest son.

The prince's sword still rested in his hand.

Nearby lay another.

Then another.

Before the sun reached its highest point, the king had counted seven of his sons among the dead.

Seven princes.

Seven heirs.

Seven fathers who would never again return to their homes.

The old king knelt upon the blood-soaked earth.

For the first time since ascending the throne, tears fell freely from his eyes.

"I asked the gods to save my kingdom," he whispered.

"I did not know the price would be my own children."

Nangogo approached quietly.

"They died protecting their people," he said gently.

King Maseko lowered his head.

"They died because of my pride."

For many years he had measured greatness by conquered lands.

Now he understood that no kingdom was worth the life of a single son.

The 12 princes sent to make friendship with other kingdoms returned several days later.

Their journey had taken them to the neighboring kingdoms of Chankhunda and Mphandula.

They bowed before their father.

"The kings received our gifts," the youngest prince reported.

"They accepted your friendship."

"They wished to march with us."

"But the battle had already ended before their armies could arrive."

King Maseko smiled sadly.

"They still came."

"That alone tells me the gods have begun healing what I destroyed."

Months later, when the land had begun to recover and the rains once again blessed Nkhanga, messengers were sent throughout the surrounding kingdoms.

Not with threats.

Not with demands.

But with invitations.

Soon the rulers of six kingdoms gathered within the royal court of Nkhanga.

Among them were the kings of Chankhunda and Mphandula, together with the rulers of the four kingdoms that Maseko had once conquered through war.

Many arrived uncertain.

Some expected another declaration of conquest.

Others feared they had been summoned to pay tribute.

Instead, they found no chains.

No prisoners.

No soldiers surrounding the court.

Only a circle of carved wooden seats prepared for equals.

King Maseko rose before them.

"I once believed that a king became greater each time another kingdom bowed before him."

He paused.

"I was wrong."

The hall remained silent.

"I conquered your lands."

"I took your cattle."

"I enslaved your people."

"I called it strength."

"But when drought came..."

"...I discovered that fear has no harvest."

"No enemy comes to save the hand that once struck him."

The kings listened without interruption.

"I stand before you today, not as your conqueror..."

"...but as a man seeking forgiveness."

He removed his crown.

Then, before every ruler present, he laid it upon the ground.

Gasps spread throughout the hall.

"No kingdom can survive alone."

"From this day onward, Nkhanga shall seek brothers instead of subjects."

"If famine comes to one kingdom..."

"...the others shall bring food."

"If enemies attack one kingdom..."

"...all shall rise together."

"If disease strikes..."

"...none shall face it alone."

He lifted his eyes.

"Let our children inherit friendship instead of hatred."

For a long moment, no one spoke.

Then the oldest king slowly rose from his seat.

He walked across the hall.

Before everyone present, he embraced King Maseko.

"I accept."

One by one, every ruler did the same.

That day, ancient rivalries ended.

To seal their covenant, royal marriages were arranged between the kingdoms.

King Maseko took wives from the allied kingdoms, not as trophies of war, but as daughters welcomed into one family.

Likewise, the allied kings married women from Nkhanga, binding their houses together in peace.

Trade routes were opened.

Iron was exchanged for cattle.

Salt for grain.

Craftsmen crossed borders freely.

Warriors trained side by side instead of facing one another across battlefields.

The covenant was carved into six great stone pillars and placed where every traveler entering Nkhanga could read its words.

"Strength divided invites destruction.

Strength united preserves generations."

In the years that followed, the kingdoms prospered together.

The drought eventually passed.

The fields became green once more.

Children grew up hearing stories not only of great battles...

...but of the day a king laid down his pride.

The elders would later say that Chawuta answered King Maseko's prayers not because he desired victory...

...but because he had finally learned that the greatest kingdom is not the one that conquers the most people.

It is the one that gives the most people a reason to stand together.

And so the Covenant of Kings became one of the greatest legacies in the

history of Nkhanga, remembered for generations as the day unity triumphed where conquest had failed.

# BOOK FOUR

# ECHOES OF THE CELESTIAL RIFT

# BOOK FOUR

## ECHOES OF THE CELESTIAL RIFT

# CHAPTER I

## *THE SHADOW THAT WATCHES ALL THINGS*

Long ago, another terrible war erupted in the heavens.

Far beyond the sight of men, Chawuta sat in silence, listening to every prayer ever whispered across existence. He

listened not only to voices, but to the heartbeat of creation itself. From the smallest organisms hidden beneath the soil—ants, rats, lions, elephants, birds, and sea creatures—to beings beyond the time and perception of men, nothing escaped his awareness.

He saw through every system woven into reality: every law, every motion, every thought. While existence continued like an endless story, Chawuta quietly narrated every moment into being. But his peace faded when humanity once again called upon the

power of Ingwalaba, seeking forbidden strength and eternity.

This time, Chawuta did not intervene. He watched.

“A man forgets too easily,” he thought. “They never learn from their ancestors.”

He looked into the hearts of humanity and saw the secrets hidden within them: the magic they practiced, the cults they formed, the systems they built, and their endless hunger for power. Part of him admired their ambition, for they reflected the creativity he had planted within creation itself. Yet that same

ambition was leading them toward destruction.

Then, only one Ingwalaba stretched itself from the depths of Ng'anda toward reality. Its massive form extended beyond dimensions, its endless strings reaching toward existence itself, attempting to seize and drag reality from its rightful place.

Before it could fully touch creation, Mphambe appeared and grasped reality itself, holding it steady against the pull. But the strength of Ingwalaba was overwhelming. Its countless strings wrapped around existence like chains,

pulling harder and harder, as though trying to tear reality apart.

Mphambe struggled. His feet scraped against the very surface of existence, each step carving fractures across dimensions.

Then Alusi descended beside him and joined the struggle. Together they resisted the pull. Alusi's voice trembled beneath the pressure.

"Why isn't Chawuta helping us?" he shouted. "Is this another test?"

"Just hold it steady," Mphambe replied through clenched teeth.

But even Alusi could sense the danger.

“One Ingwalaba is already this powerful,” he said. “If more arrive, existence itself may collapse.”

Mphambe kept his eyes fixed on the creature.

“You are too obsessed with humans,” he said coldly. “Can you not see that reality itself is at stake?”

Alusi laughed bitterly.

“Easy for a royal prince to say. To you, this is duty. To the rest of us, this is survival.”

Mphambe said nothing.

Reality itself had already been weakened by previous divine wars, though its infinite nature constantly restored the damage.

Across existence, other deities fought desperately to preserve creation. Some repaired shattered timelines, while others sealed collapsing dimensions and mended exploding realities caused by the immense strain between Ingwalaba and those resisting it. The war became brutal.

# CHAPTER II

## *WHEN THE SKY COULD NOT HOLD ITSELF*

The deities attacked Ingwalaba together, striking it from every direction. They tore its body apart countless times, yet each fragment regenerated instantly, functioning as though it possessed its

own life. Its adaptation was endless. Every attack only made it harder to destroy.

The force released by the battle shook existence itself. Many deities were crushed beneath waves of omega level pressure. Others were torn apart or slammed against the foundations of reality.

Still, the fighting continued.

Meanwhile, on Earth, humanity trembled as the heavens roared above them. The wars of the gods sent fractures through reality, causing storms, quakes, and distortions across the world. Some

humans sought refuge in magic. Others fell to their knees and prayed to Chawuta. Some offered sacrifices, while others foolishly believed they could join a war they could not even see.

There were powerful humans who called themselves gods because of their immense abilities. Among them were the Anchors of the Ancestors, beings outside man's realm, and those who thought their powers made them gods. Together they rose into the skies, trying to defend reality.

Yet they saw nothing.

Their magic and intelligence were powerless before the divine realm. They searched through stars and galaxies but found only a trembling universe on the verge of collapse. They strengthened barriers around the world, but the power pouring from the heavenly war shattered every defense they created.

Their efforts were meaningless.

As the battle raged, Alusi spoke with disgust.

“Humans do not understand that their magical acts has a scent to Ingwalaba. Their hunger for power, forbidden

knowledge, and control calls these beings closer. If it were my choice, I would erase humanity from existence entirely. Kumizimu would be mercy compared to what they deserve."

Mphambe glanced at him.

"You once desired dominion above all else," he replied. "Isn't that the reason you were denied the throne of the heavens?"

Do not speak as though you are innocent."

Then, at last, Chawuta heard the prayers of humanity. And he intervened.

To humans, it felt like a sudden pause.

Every system within creation stopped functioning. Time froze. Motion vanished. Not even the self-proclaimed gods of Earth, or beings beyond time could move a strand of hair. It was as though reality itself had become still.

But Chawuta had not stopped existence. He had only stopped narrating the story.

In that silence, the deities gathered their strength and pushed against Ingwalaba together. Every deity placed their hands upon its endless body and forced it back toward Ng'anda. Though its form

stretched infinitely across dimensions, they slowly drove it backward.

Then Chawuta finally spoke to Ingwalaba:

“I allowed this because I wished to see you fail by the hands of my creation rather than my own. Through this, I have witnessed the strength of the beings I created.”

His voice shook existence.

“Return to your place before I destroy you.”

Ingwalaba laughed.

“You know destroying me would only empower the others. If we unite, even you may fall.”

Chawuta remained calm.

“You have still been defeated. Next time, I will imprison you as I have imprisoned your kins. I can expand Kumizimu itself to contain you. Not even your power can resist its fire.”

Ingwalaba lowered its head in frustration.

“This is not over,” it said. “Until our master returns, we will come again. And next time, I will not come alone.”

Then Chawuta resumed the narration of existence.

And reality continued.

Back on Earth, sing'anga Chakanda, known as the Eye and Ear of the Spirits, received visions from the gods. They were commanded to gather guardians and prepare for war against the village that had invoked Ingwalaba.

Among the warriors were powerful guardians and an Anchor of the Ancestors, chosen to carry the will of ancient spirits. Together, they marched

to destroy those who had endangered reality itself.

And so, another war began.

# BOOK FIVE

# THE SHADOW OVER CHISAUTSO

# BOOK FIVE

## THE SHADOW OVER CHISAUTSO

# CHAPTER I

## *CHISAUTSO BENEATH THE SHADOW*

The road into Chisautso had long stopped feeling like a road. Dust no longer settled there. It floated, hung in the air, and clung to the skin like a second layer of death. The trees stood thin and bent, their branches stripped as

if something had been slowly feeding on them for months.

Tamiya arrived just after midday to investigate the chaos being reported in the village. She had been sent to gather firsthand information about what was truly happening, as journalists had stopped visiting the area. As a trained military researcher and analysist, she had been assigned the task of uncovering the truth and reporting it from the scene.

The sun was high, but the land did not brighten. It only revealed more of what had already died. Houses stood half-

collapsed, their roofs burned inward. In the distance, something moved through smoke—slow, uneven, like a man who had forgotten how walking worked.

Then came the first gunshot. A soldier fired before anyone could even give a command. The bullet struck the figure clean through the shoulder. For a moment, the body jolted backward. Flesh tore open, dark and wet, collapsing onto the ground.

But the silence that followed was wrong. The body did not scream. It did not bleed long. Instead, the wound began to close—slowly at first, then as if it had

never been opened at all. Skin pulled itself together like something remembering its shape.

The soldier fired again. This time, the shots followed faster, sharper. Each bullet landed. Each bullet disappeared into flesh. And each time, the body healed just as quickly, rising back as though the ground itself had rejected its fall.

No one spoke after that. Only breathing. Only the sound of weapons tightening in hands. It began moving through the village streets after that.

Not running.

Not rushing.

Just walking.

Some soldiers thought it was a survivor at first—until it stepped into the open and a truck tried to cut it off. The impact sent the vehicle tilting violently to one side.

Metal screamed. The figure went down beneath it. For a moment, dust swallowed everything. Then the truck shifted. Not from engine movement—but from something underneath

pushing it aside like it weighed nothing at all.

The body stood again.

Different now.

Not wounded.

Not broken.

But watching.

As if it had learned something from being struck. The next time it moved, it no longer stood in open paths. It began slipping between cover, moving only when eyes turned away.

A group of soldiers tried to surround it near the dry riverbed.

Too many voices.

Too many steps. The sound alone seemed to confuse it.

It paused.

Its head tilted slightly, like a man trying to listen to too many directions at once.

One soldier whispered: “It doesn’t know where to go…”

Another added: “It’s afraid…”

But before the sentence finished, the figure turned and disappeared behind

smoke. Only later would they understand—when too many people gathered, it lost focus, like a predator overwhelmed by noise. Like a hunted thing pretending not to be one. At night, everything changed.

The streets became its domain. Darkness did not hide it—it revealed it. It moved faster now. A soldier standing alone near a broken wall never even saw it coming. There was only a shift in air. A hand on his shoulder. And then silence as his body went still. When the others arrived, they found him standing.

Eyes white.

Expression empty.

Moving with the same slow precision. He raised his weapon at his own unit. But before he could fire, his body collapsed—another shift, another release—leaving behind only confusion in the air. Something had been learned again. Something observed.

They began noticing patterns. When groups moved together, it avoided them. When noise filled the streets, it vanished into alleys. When someone stood alone, it returned without sound.

It was not random.

It was selecting.

Watching.

Choosing.

The first time they saw it hesitate; it was near the church ruins. A soldier carried a broken instrument—metal bells used for worship. When the sound rang out, even weak and uneven, the figure stopped mid-step. Its head lowered slightly.

Its movement stuttered. For the first time, it did not advance. Then it turned away. Not in defeat—but in discomfort, as if the sound itself pressed against something inside it.

Later, Tamiya would describe it differently.

Not as a monster.

Not as a creature.

But as something trying to understand the world while surviving inside it. Because it was not only killing. It was learning how killing worked. That night, the army brought everything they had left.

Explosions turned parts of the village into fire-lit silence. The body was thrown through walls.

Buried under debris.

Scattered by blast after blast.

But every time the smoke cleared, something remained.

Not always the same shape.

Not always the same body.

Sometimes it rose again somewhere else. Sometimes it was already there before they noticed. As if destruction itself was just another doorway it could step through.

It was during one of these strikes that Tamiya first saw a strange sight. She was calm, biting her beads put around his neck, while holding his stick like a staff

tied with pieces of cloth of different dull colors, strange strings attached, and different kinds of beads obviously sing'anga from the village.

Sing'anga stood near the edge of the battlefield, unmoving, watching as if the chaos belonged to someone else.

When their eyes met, sing'anga, did not speak immediately. He only looked at the shifting destruction, the rising bodies, and the confusion spreading through trained soldiers.

Then he said quietly: "What you are fighting... is not staying in one skin. I am

Chimaso, the eyes of the spirits and interceder of our ancestors."

Behind them, the figure appeared again.

Walking through smoke.

Moving slowly, carefully.

As if listening to everything at once.

And for a brief moment—just before another transformation began—it turned its head slightly toward Tamiya.

Not attacking.

Not fleeing.

Just observing him.

Like it was remembering.

Then left.

# CHAPTER II

## *RUMORS BENEATH SILENT SKIES*

The smoke had not cleared from Chisautso even as night began to fall.

Fire still breathed from collapsed roofs. The wind carried the smell of burnt wood, burnt cloth, and something

heavier—something that did not belong to any natural death.

Tamiya found Chimaso near the old church ruins, where the stone walls had cracked open like broken teeth. He was sitting on the ground.

Not hiding.

Not praying.

Just sitting, as though waiting for something that had already finished arriving.

Around him, soldiers moved carefully. None spoke loudly. Even their boots seemed quieter than before, as if the

land itself demanded respect after what it had witnessed.

Tamiya approached slowly. The sing'anga did not look up.

Only said: "You are late." Tamiya frowned. "Late for what?"

Chimaso finally lifted his head. His eyes did not look frightened. They looked tired. Like someone who had already seen too much truth and survived it unwillingly. "You are late," he repeated, "because you are still calling it a thing." Tamiya looked back toward the burning village.

“We don’t know what it is yet.”

Chimaso gave a faint, almost painful smile. “That is because it is not staying one thing long enough for you to name it.” A distant sound echoed through the ruins.

A scream—then silence. Then another silence that felt heavier than the first. Chimaso slowly stood up. Dust fell from his clothes as though he had been part of the ground for a long time.

“It walks through bodies like rivers through dry land,” he said quietly. “It

does not live inside them. It passes through them."

Tamiya narrowed her eyes. "Possession. Is it Ingwalaba's doing?" Chimaso shook his head. "Possession is what your language calls it. But what you are seeing is something older than that idea." He stepped forward, pointing toward the burning streets.

"When it enters a body... the body does not become dead immediately. It becomes borrowed."

A pause.

“And when it leaves… it forgets what it was.”

A sudden crash echoed from deeper in the village. Soldiers raised their weapons instantly. Something had moved through a collapsed wall.

A figure emerged.

Human shape.

Bare feet stepping through ash. Its head slightly lowered, as if avoiding attention. It walked slowly across open ground.

Not running.

Not attacking.

Just passing through the destruction.

One of the soldiers whispered: “That’s… one of them.” Another shook his head. “No. That one looks different.” The figure raised its hand slightly—covering its face, like someone ashamed to be seen.

It hesitated.

Then it turned away sharply as more soldiers began to approach.

And it ran.

Not toward safety, but away from attention itself. The soldiers stopped. Confused. One lowered his weapon.

“What kind of enemy hides like that?” Chimaso watched quietly. “That is why you will die slowly,” he said.

Tamiya turned. “Explain.”

But before Chimaso could answer, the wind shifted. And somewhere inside the village, another scream cut through the night. The running figure was gone. Chimaso led Tamiya away from the ruins, toward a broken courtyard where ash had settled in strange circular patterns, as if something had once stood there and dissolved into air.

He knelt and touched the ground. “This is where it began,” he said. Tamiya looked down. “What began?” Chimaso did not answer immediately. Instead, he closed his eyes. And when he spoke again, his voice was lower. “He was a man once.”

The words did not sound like storytelling. They sounded like something being forced out. “There was a woman,” he continued. “Chisomo’s wife.”

At the name, Tamiya looked up slightly.

Chimaso continued: “She did not die in war. She did not die by accident. She was taken by accusation.”

A pause.

“And the village agreed she was the price for their fear.” The fire in the distance flickered. Chimaso’s hand pressed harder into the ground. “When they killed her… they thought it ended there.” His eyes opened. “But grief does not end where people want it to.”

The wind grew colder. The ashes on the ground began to shift slightly, like something remembering motion.

Chimaso continued: “The man—Chisomo—did what broken men do.”

“He did not ask the gods for justice.”

“He asked the dead.”

Tamiya’s expression tightened. “A ritual?”

Chimaso nodded slowly. “But rituals are doors. And doors do not decide what walks through them.” A distant echo moved through the village again.

This time, multiple voices. Not speaking words. Just pressure. Like something pressing against reality from the other side. Chimaso’s voice lowered further.

“He wanted her back.”

A pause.

“But what answered was not her.” The ashes on the ground suddenly darkened. Tamiya stepped back slightly. Chimaso did not move. “He called through grief,” he said. “And grief does not know how to shape what arrives.”

The wind passed through the broken courtyard. And for a moment—just a moment—Tamiya thought he saw movement in the ash.

Not a figure.

Not a body.

Just a presence.

Chimaso continued: “What came into this world did not understand mercy.”

Another pause.

“And it did not understand stopping.” A distant explosion shook the village again. But Chimaso did not look up.

“It began as one death,” he said. “But it learned quickly that death spreads through memory.” Tamiya frowned. “You are saying it is intelligent.” Chimaso finally looked at him. “No.”

A silence. “I am saying it is learning through suffering.” A sudden silence fell

over the battlefield beyond the courtyard. Even the fires seemed to pause. Then, far away, a soldier screamed.

Then stopped. Then nothing. Chimaso stood slowly. “He is not just hunting people,” he said. “He is hunting the shape of what created him.” Tamiya’s voice lowered. “The villagers?” Chimaso shook his head. “The moment that created the need for him.” A final wind passed through the ruins. And in that wind, Tamiya felt it again. That same presence.

Not watching from a place, but moving through places. Like something that had no fixed body anymore. Chimaso turned away. “We cannot stop him like an animal,” he said. “We cannot fight him like a man.”

“We can only understand what kind of wound he is… before it becomes the whole body.” And somewhere in the burning remains of Chisautso, something walked again.

Slow.

Careful.

Still learning.

Still remembering.

Still searching for the names of those who had created its beginning.

# CHAPTER III

## *WHEN FEAR BECAME LAW*

Night had fully settled over Chisautso, but it did not feel like night anymore. It felt like something had been placed over the world—something thick, something watching. The fires were still burning in scattered pockets of the

village, but even they seemed hesitant now, their flames bending in strange directions as if avoiding unseen pressure.

Tamiya stood near the center of the ruined road with Chimaso. Neither of them spoke for a long time. Because speaking now felt unnecessary. Every few moments, distant movement echoed through the broken houses. A sound of footsteps. Then nothing. Then footsteps again somewhere else.

It was no longer clear how many there were, or what was moving. A soldier ran past them suddenly, breathing heavily, his uniform torn across the chest. He did not stop. He did not look back.

Tamiya called after him, but the man only raised his hand as if to say "don't follow"—and disappeared into smoke. A few seconds later, his scream came from somewhere deeper in the village.

Then silence. Then something else moving again. Chimaso closed his eyes.

"He is spreading through them faster now," he said quietly. Tamiya turned sharply. "Spreading?" Chimaso did not answer immediately. Instead, he walked forward into the ruined street, stepping over ash-covered ground as if following something invisible.

“You still think it is one body,” he said. “But it stopped being one body the first time it learned how to leave one.” A sudden burst of gunfire erupted ahead. Soldiers. Tamiya and Chimaso moved quickly toward the sound.

They arrived at what remained of a collapsed courtyard where three soldiers stood backing away from a single figure. The figure stood still in the center.

Head slightly tilted. Hands hanging loosely at its sides. Its skin was pale, almost washed out by darkness. Its eyes—completely white—reflected the

burning fires around them like dead mirrors.

One soldier fired. The bullet struck the figure's chest. The body jolted backward, collapsing into the dust. For a moment, there was relief. But only for a moment.

Because the body began to rise again.

Not quickly.

Not violently.

Slowly.

As if remembering how to stand.

Another soldier shouted something and fired again, this time aiming for the head.

The shot landed. The figure staggered. Then stopped moving entirely.

Silence stretched. The soldiers did not breathe. Tamiya did not move. Then the body twitched. And something inside it changed. The head lifted again—but differently now.

Not the same posture.

Not the same weight.

Not the same presence.

One soldier stepped back slowly.

"What… is that?" The figure turned its head slightly toward them.

And smiled.

Not human.

Not emotional.

Just recognition.

As if it had finally understood something. Chimaso whispered behind Tamiya: “It is no longer the same one.” Tamiya frowned. “What do you mean?” But before Chimaso could answer, the ground near them shifted. A second soldier nearby suddenly stopped moving. His body stiffened. His head tilted slightly.

Then slowly, he turned toward his own comrades.

His eyes were white.

Not injured.

Not dead.

Changed.

The others reacted instantly—raising weapons—but hesitation spread through them like poison. Because it was still him.

His face.

His body.

His voice when he spoke.

But something else was behind it. He took one step forward.

Then another.

And the air around him felt wrong—like pressure inside water. Then he spoke. But the voice was not his.

It was layered.

Deep.

Broken.

Multiple tones speaking through one mouth. “You still call it many.” The soldier’s lips trembled. “But I have learned what you are made of.” A

sudden shot rang out. The possessed body collapsed instantly. But before it hit the ground fully, something else slipped out of it—like breath leaving lungs too slowly.

And another soldier nearby fell to his knees suddenly, grabbing his head.

Then rose again.

White eyes.

Same change.

Different body.

Tamiya stepped back slowly. “This is not possession,” she said under her breath.

Chimaso finally nodded.

“No.”

A long pause. Then he said it clearly for the first time: “This is Bwezera. A demon from Kumizimu let loose.” A heavy silence fell across the courtyard. Even the fire seemed to dim.

Chimaso stepped forward into the open, ignoring the soldiers aiming at him. “It is not a spirit trapped in one person,” he said loudly.

“It is a thing that travels through suffering.” He pointed toward the possessed soldiers. “And every time you

kill the body… it only finds another place to stand." A sudden movement behind them.

A soldier who had been silent the entire time slowly raised his head. His eyes were already white. No one had seen the change happen. Not even him. He looked around slowly, as if waking inside someone else's dream.

Then he spoke softly: "Why do you keep breaking what I am using?" Tamiya's grip tightened on his weapon. The soldier tilted his head. "I was learning you."

A pause.

“And you keep interrupting.” The air shifted violently. All at once, several soldiers began collapsing and rising again in different parts of the courtyard.

One.

Two.

Five.

Not all at once—but close enough that it felt like the village itself was learning how to stand differently. Chimaso stepped closer to Tamiya. “Now you understand,” he said quietly. “It does not stay inside people.”

“It studies them.”

A loud crack echoed from deeper in the ruins.

A collapsing wall. Something moved through it—fast now.

Not walking.

Not hiding.

No longer afraid of groups. Because it had already learned something new: crowds could be broken. Fear could be distributed. Confusion could be used. And noise no longer mattered.

The possessed soldiers began walking together now. Not attacking.

Not rushing.

Just forming a direction. Like something inside them had synchronized. Tamiya felt it then. Not fear.

Recognition of scale. This was not chaos anymore. This was coordination. Chimaso spoke one final line, barely audible: “It has remembered what it is made of.” And in the burning remains of Chisautso, Bwezera moved through many bodies at once.

**Not as one thing. Not as many things. But as something learning how to become both.**

# CHAPTER IV

## *THE BOTTLE OF CHIMASO*

The night had become something else entirely. Not darkness. Not silence. But pressure. Like the sky had lowered itself closer to the ground, watching everything with a patience that did not belong to anything human.

Chisautso was no longer a village. It was a battlefield made of broken fire, moving shadows, and bodies that no longer stayed in one meaning. And in the center of it all, Chimaso finally moved.

He had been quiet for a long time. Too quiet. As if listening to something no one else could hear. Tamiya watched him carefully as he stepped forward into the open road where soldiers and possessed bodies clashed in confusion.

For a moment, no one followed him. Even the fighting seemed to hesitate. Chimaso raised both hands slowly. The

air around him shifted. Not violently at first—just subtly, like reality itself had started to bend its attention toward him. Then something like water appeared above the battlefield.

Not rain.

Not clouds.

Something between light and liquid.

It fell. Softly at first. Then everywhere. The drops touched soldiers first. Then civilians hiding behind broken walls. Then even the possessed bodies walking among them. And when the water touched them, something changed.

Wounds closed.

Burns disappeared.

Breathing steadied where there had been panic. Broken arms straightened.

Bleeding stopped all at once. For a brief moment, the entire battlefield became still. Even Bwezera's movement paused inside its hosts.

Tamiya looked at his hands in shock. "What did you do?" Chimaso's voice was low. "I reminded the body what it was before fear entered it." The light above them flickered, then began fading.

Chimaso turned sharply toward Tamiya and the soldiers.

“This will not last.” His eyes scanned the crowd. “You have one moment where you are not broken. Use it well.”

A pause.

Then his voice deepened. “When I return… hold it long enough for me to finish what I started.” And just like that, the light collapsed inward. Chimaso was gone.

No sound.

No trace.

Only silence where he had stood. For a heartbeat, no one moved. Then someone breathed differently.

A soldier.

Then another.

And then it spread.

The possessed bodies still stood—but something had changed. They no longer responded immediately. They hesitated, like something inside them had been pushed back just enough.

Tamiya realized it first. “They can’t fully enter them anymore…” A soldier nearby tested it—stepping forward toward a

possessed man. The man did not react instantly. His movements were delayed.

Uncertain.

Weakened.

And then someone shouted: “It didn’t take him!” The realization spread like fire. For the first time since Chisautso fell, the people were not fully breakable. The fighting began again—but differently.

Not panic.

Not chaos.

But resistance.

Soldiers moved forward, striking the possessed bodies with bare hands, rifles, anything they had. The enemy still fought back.

Still strong.

Still fast.

One strike from it shattered a man's jaw instantly, sending him collapsing without sound. Another movement broke through a soldier's chest as if bone had never existed. But now... it could not control everything at once.

And that made it dangerous. From somewhere in the ruins, bundles of

whips appeared—wrapped in ash, bone beads, and braided sacred threads.

Charmed whips. Left behind. Prepared. No one questioned how they arrived. They were simply there, as if Chimaso had already placed them into the world before leaving. The first whip cracked through the air. It struck a possessed body. And for the first time, the movement inside the host stuttered violently. The white eyes flickered. Not healed instantly.

Not stable. Another whip struck. Then another. The sound filled the battlefield like thunder snapping through flesh. The

possessed bodies began reacting differently now—no longer just absorbing damage, but struggling against the force pulling inside them.

Bwezera was resisting separation. Tamiya shouted orders. Soldiers formed loose circles, pushing forward. The possessed ones fought back violently now—no longer coordinated, but desperate. One of them grabbed a soldier and lifted him with one hand, slamming him into the ground so hard the dust exploded outward.

Another swung wildly, tearing through two men in a single motion. Even

weakened, it was still devastating. But the whips were changing the rhythm, pulling something loose. Something invisible.

Then it appeared again.

Chimaso.

Not walking.

Not arriving.

Just there.

Standing at the edge of the battlefield like he had never left. His eyes scanned everything instantly. He saw the bodies.

The whips.

The resistance.

And the thing moving between hosts.

“Good,” he said quietly. “You held it.” No one asked where he had been. There was no time. He stepped into the center of the chaos, and everything slowed again. Not stopped—but bent toward him. He raised a small object in his hand.

A bottle.

No larger than a fist.

Dark glass.

Empty-looking.

But wrong in its emptiness.

Bwezera reacted immediately. All possessed bodies turned toward him at once. For the first time, they moved in full coordination—not attacking others, but focusing entirely on him.

Tamiya felt it.

This was the source of fear. Chimaso spoke softly:

“Now.”

The whips struck again.

Harder.

Faster.

The battlefield became rhythm.

Strike.

Pull.

Disrupt.

Repeat.

Bodies began separating slightly—like something inside them was being forced toward the surface. White eyes flickered violently. Voices overlapped through mouths that no longer matched themselves. And then—one body collapsed forward.

Not dying.

Not healing.

Just breaking open from within. And something tried to leave it. Chimaso moved instantly. He raised his hand and pulled. The air itself bent toward him. Something unseen screamed through multiple bodies at once. Tamiya saw it then. Not clearly, but enough. A shape between forms.

Not fixed.

Not complete.

Just anger trying to become direction.

The possessed body nearest Chimaso convulsed violently. Then froze. Then—for the first time—the white eyes went

still. Chimaso whispered: “Now you are outside them.” And he forced the bottle forward. The air cracked. Something was pulled violently from the body.

Not gently.

Not willingly.

Like tearing shadow out of bone. It screamed—but not through sound. Through pressure. Through the minds of everyone present. The demon struck outward instantly. A wave of force exploded across the battlefield.

Three soldiers collapsed at once, lifeless before they even hit the ground. But

Chimaso did not stop. He forced it further. Closer. Into the bottle. The whips lashed again, guiding the force like chains of light. The soldiers pushed forward despite everything. Anger. Fear. Survival. All combined into movement. And then—it entered. The bottle closed instantly. A sharp sound, like the world snapping shut. Silence followed. Not peaceful. Heavy. Like something had been locked behind reality itself. Chimaso stepped back slowly, holding the bottle in his hand. Inside it, something moved violently—unseen but undeniable.

He looked at it for a long moment, then said: “It is trapped.” No celebration followed. Only breathing. Only exhaustion. Only disbelief. But not everyone believed it. Some soldiers stared at the bottle with suspicion. One whispered:

“So, it is just… contained?” Another replied: “Or is it just hidden somewhere else?” Tamiya watched Chimaso carefully. Even now, even after everything, the question remained unspoken: What is he going to do with it?

Chimaso walked toward the edge of the battlefield, placed the bottle on a

broken stone, and raised his hand. Fire formed without flame. Not burning wood, but burning meaning. The bottle trembled. Inside it, Bwezera struggled harder than before.

The air around it darkened. Then—light collapsed into it. And the sound stopped. When it was over, there was nothing left but ash around the stone. No bottle. No trace. Only silence. Days later, Chisautso was no longer burning.

But it was not healed either. People gathered in broken groups, speaking in low voices. Some said they had seen Chimaso destroy the demon completely.

Others said no one could destroy something born from grief like that. Others whispered worse things: that it was not destroyed at all.

Only moved.

Or hidden.

Or taken.

At the village meeting, soldiers and elders argued under torn roofs. The story changed depending on who spoke. Some called it divine intervention. Some called it witchcraft illusion.

Some refused to call it anything at all, because naming it made it real again. Tamiya stood outside the gathering.

Watching.

Listening.

Writing nothing.

Because there was nothing left that words could fully hold. And somewhere in his mind, one question remained alive:

If it was truly gone... why did silence still feel like it was watching?

# CHAPTER V

## *BREAKING OF THE VEIL*

The sun had returned to Chisautso, but it did not feel like a victory. Smoke no longer rose from burning huts, yet the land still carried the memory of fire. The wind moved slowly through broken streets, brushing against empty

doorframes and collapsed walls as if searching for what was no longer there.

Tamiya sat alone inside a temporary military structure made of canvas and metal sheets. A typewriter had been placed in front of her.

The paper was already half-filled. Her hand paused above the keys, then continued.

She wrote carefully. Not everything could be written. Not everything was allowed to exist in writing. The first lines were simple:

*Operation concluded. Hostile activity in Chisautso village has been contained and neutralized. Remaining threats have been eliminated or dispersed.*

She stopped for a moment and looked up. Outside the tent, soldiers moved between ruins, carrying supplies, speaking in low voices. Some of them had been there from the beginning. Some had not survived to see the end.

She continued typing.

*The attacking entities demonstrated abnormal regenerative capabilities and extreme resistance to conventional weaponry. Standard military engagement procedures proved partially ineffective in neutralizing targets.*

A pause again.

Her fingers hovered. The words felt heavier than they should have. He typed on.

*Heavy structural damage was sustained across multiple residential zones. Civilian casualties were recorded as a result of prolonged engagement between hostile forces and military response units.*

She stopped again. The ink seemed too permanent. Outside the tent, a soldier walked past carrying a damaged rifle. Another followed silently.

No one spoke about what had happened in the middle hours of the conflict. No

one spoke about what had changed the course of the battle.

Tamiya lowered his head and continued writing.

*The hostile force exhibited coordinated movement patterns suggesting adaptive intelligence. Engagement intensity increased during nocturnal phases, with reduced activity observed during daylight conditions.*

She paused, then added:

*Further assessment indicates the hostile presence was eradicated following extended containment and tactical suppression operations.*

Her pen stopped. For a long time, he did not move.

There was a section at the bottom of the report. A classification line. She hesitated before writing it, then chose her words carefully.

*No external unconventional assistance is recorded in official operational documentation.*

She stared at the sentence, then underlined it once.

Outside, the wind moved through the broken remains of Chisautso.

Somewhere far away, a group of villagers gathered near what remained of the old shrine stones. They spoke quietly. Some argued. Some refused to speak at all.

No one agreed on what had truly ended the event. Only one thing remained consistent in every version of the story: something had been fought, and something had stopped. Tamiya closed the file. But she did not close her thoughts. Because behind every official word she had written, there was another truth—one that could not enter reports, one that could not be recorded without consequence.

She stood slowly and looked toward the ruins. And for a moment, she remembered the silence inside the battlefield when everything had stopped

moving—not because it was over, but because something unseen had held it together long enough for the end to happen. She placed the report into a sealed envelope marked for military command.

Then added one final line outside the official record, written only in his private notebook:

*Whatever was in Chisautso was not simply defeated. It was contained long enough for reality to continue.*

She closed the notebook and did not sign that page.

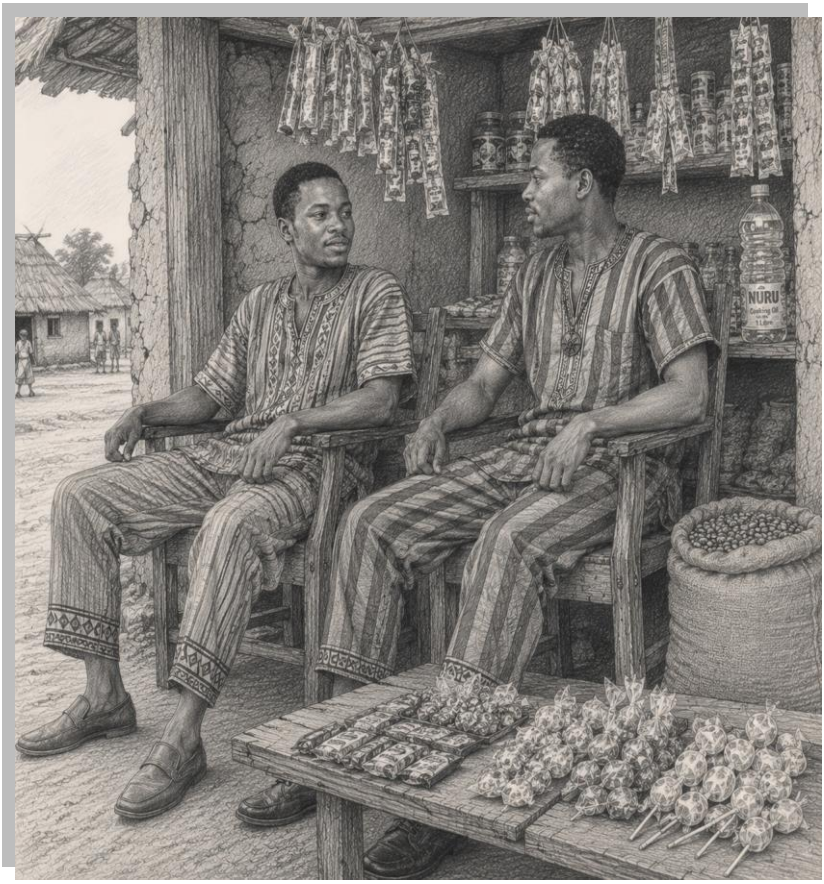
Outside, Chisautso remained quiet, but not empty. And somewhere in that silence, the memory of everything that had happened still waited—unwritten, unspoken, and unclaimed by any official truth.

# BOOK SIX

## PART ONE: GODS WITH MEN

# BOOK SIX

## *PART ONE: GODS WITH MEN*



# CHAPTER I

## *WHEN HEAVEN WALKED QUIETLY*

Far beyond the sight of humanity, beyond clouds and stars, beyond the shifting realities known by deities and spirits, there existed realms where divine beings observed the flow of existence itself.

Some deities ruled with wisdom. Some ruled with fear. Others watched silently, never interfering with the affairs of mankind. But among them was a goddess named Myani.

Unlike many divine beings, Myani found herself endlessly fascinated by humans. Their struggles, emotions, fears, and hopes interested her more than wars between gods or arguments within the divine realms. Human beings were fragile creatures, yet they continued surviving even when the world gave them almost nothing.

And among millions of lives on Earth, one human caught her attention. A young man named Kwenje.

He lived in a small village called Nyamazawo, a quiet place surrounded by dusty roads, banana fields, and scattered homes made from burnt bricks and iron sheets. During dry seasons, wind carried dust across the village paths. During rainy seasons, the ground became muddy and difficult to walk through.

Kwenje was nineteen years old.

He was neither rich nor respected by powerful men. He owned a small grocery shop beside a football ground where village boys gathered every evening to play. The shop sold simple things—salt, cooking oil, matches, soap, tomatoes, sweets, and sometimes bread whenever transport from town arrived early enough.

Life was not easy for him.

His parents had died years earlier, leaving him with almost nothing except the small determination to survive. Every morning before sunrise, he opened his shop while other youths his age

wandered around the village wasting time beneath trees or gambling with cards. Yet despite his difficult life, Kwenje never allowed bitterness to consume him. He still greeted people respectfully. He still helped old women carry bags. He still believed hard work could one day change his life. And that faith alone made him different. Myani noticed it immediately.

One evening, while boys shouted excitedly during a football match near the shop, a stranger appeared among the crowd. It was Myani, disguised as an ordinary young man. He wore dusty

clothes like everyone else in the village. Nothing about him appeared unusual. No human could have guessed that behind the disguise stood a deity from realms beyond creation. He joined the spectators quietly and watched the game.

At one point, Kwenje laughed loudly after one team missed an easy goal. “You people support useless teams,” Kwenje joked. The stranger beside him smiled. “At least my team knows how to defend,” he replied calmly. The two argued playfully throughout the match.

By sunset, they were already talking like old friends. That was how it began. After that day, Myani visited often. Sometimes he came to watch football. Sometimes he sat quietly at the grocery shop discussing village life. Other times he simply appeared unexpectedly, helping Kwenje arrange goods or speaking with him during slow business hours. Kwenje appreciated the friendship deeply. He did not know that every meeting had been carefully arranged by a god who had already chosen him long before their first conversation.

# CHAPTER II

## *DREAMS BEYOND THE SHOP*

One night, after closing his small grocery shop, Kwenje remained outside longer than usual. The village had already grown quiet. Most fires had burned low and only the sounds of insects remained beneath the stars.

He looked toward the dark hills beyond Nyamazawo and knelt beside a small stone he often used as a private place of prayer.

"Ancestors who watch over this land," he whispered. "And gods who hear the voices of ordinary people... if you truly listen, remember us."

He placed a small offering of roasted meat and a little flour upon the earth.

"I do not ask for riches. I do not ask for power. I only ask for wisdom and a future better than today."

The wind moved softly through the grass.

As always, no answer came.

Eventually he returned home and slept.

That night he dreamed.

He found himself seated beneath a tree unlike any he had ever seen. Its branches stretched beyond the clouds. Its roots disappeared into the stars themselves.

Across from him sat a figure whose face he could not clearly remember.

The stranger placed food before him.

Kwenje ate.

The food tasted unlike anything he ever known or tasted. It was sweet and warm and carried memories he had never lived. Every bite filled him with peace.

The stranger said nothing.

Neither did Kwenje.

Yet somehow, they understood one another.

When he awoke the next morning, the dream remained fixed inside his mind.

For the rest of the day, he could think of little else.

Later that afternoon, while watching football with Myani near the grocery shop, he finally spoke about it.

"Myani," he said, "have you ever dreamed of eating with a spirit?"

Myani laughed.

"That depends. Was the food good?"

"It was strange."

"Good strange or bad strange?"

Kwenje frowned.

"I am serious."

Myani chuckled.

Then Kwenje explained everything.

The great tree.

The stranger.

The meal.

The feeling that the dream meant something.

When he finished, Myani sat quietly for a moment before smiling.

"Don't worry. Mphambe is in control, so things won't be bad as they are supposed to be..."

She rubbed the dust from his hands.

"Aah... I mean things won't be bad. Everything will be okay. You are a good person. The gods cannot abandon you. All your prayers and sacrifices are heard. Don't worry."

Kwenje blinked.

"Uhmm... but I didn't tell you that I offer sacrifices."

For a moment Myani looked almost embarrassed.

Then he laughed.

"Seriously? I thought almost everyone offers sacrifices. For sure you should, like others do."

He rubbed the back of his neck.

"Oh... by the way, I also pray to..."

He stopped.

"...yah Chawuta."

Kwenje stared at him suspiciously.

Something about the answer felt strange.

But before he could think further, Myani suddenly stood.

"Anyway, what's for today? What matches are we going to watch today?"

Kwenje shook his head.

"Aah, of course I do sacrifices... yah."

He laughed awkwardly.

"About the games... I really don't know. Of course I don't mind whatever game is there. I will go and watch."

The two began walking toward the football ground.

Yet Kwenje could not shake the feeling that Myani knew more about his dream than he was willing to admit.

And behind them, unseen by mortal eyes, the wind carried away the scent of the offering Kwenje had left the night before.

One afternoon, business was unusually slow. The heat was unbearable, and even the football ground stood empty beneath the sun. Kwenje sat outside the shop looking tired.

“I don’t think this business is enough,” he admitted quietly. Myani looked at him carefully. “What do you mean?” Kwenje sighed. “Some days I barely earn anything. If transport delays, customers complain. If rain comes, people stay home. If prices rise, I get few customers.”

He looked toward the dusty road. “I want something bigger. But I don’t know

where to start." For a moment Myani remained silent. Then he spoke gently. "You depend too much on one source of income." Kwenje frowned slightly. "What else can I even do?"

"You could start small farming," Myani suggested. "Grow vegetables. Raise chickens. Even a small garden can help reduce hunger and increase income." Kwenje laughed weakly. "You make it sound easy."

"It is not easy," Myani replied. "But difficult things are sometimes necessary." He pointed toward nearby fields. "Ask someone for a small piece of

land. Or request space near your house. You do not need to become rich immediately. Small progress also matters."

Kwenje remained thoughtful. "But if I focus elsewhere, I may lose customers here."

"Not if you move step by step," Myani answered. "You do not abandon your shop. You expand carefully." Then he added: "Sometimes people fear losing small comfort so much that they never discover larger opportunities." Those words stayed in Kwenje's mind long after Myani left.

# CHAPTER III

## *THE PIG THAT CHANGED FATE*

A few days later, money lenders arrived in Nyamazawo. They moved from shop to shop introducing themselves to villagers and small business owners.

They carried official papers, stamps, and registration documents proving they operated legally. Most villagers feared loans. But Kwenje saw possibility. After listening carefully, he accepted a small loan he believed he could manage.

For several nights he thought deeply about Myani's advice. Eventually he made a decision. Instead of buying chickens or starting a garden, he purchased a pig. To him, it seemed like a faster investment. A pig could grow larger and later be sold for a better amount of money.

When Myani heard about the decision, concern filled him immediately. He visited Kwenje the following evening. “I heard you bought a pig,” he said. Kwenje smiled proudly.

“Yes. It is a good start.” Myani nodded slowly, though uncertainty remained in his eyes. “Who will help you feed it?”

“I will manage.”

“With what money?”

Kwenje hesitated slightly. “I will find a way.” Myani sat quietly for a moment before speaking again. “You should be careful. Some investments become

burdens if entered too early." But Kwenje refused to change his mind. "This pig is my future," he insisted. Myani realized further argument would change nothing. Still, deep inside, something about the situation troubled him greatly.

# CHAPTER IV

## *THE STRANGE BUYER*

Days passed peacefully at first. Then unexpectedly, the pig stopped eating. At first Kwenje assumed it was ordinary sickness. But the animal

continued weakening. No matter what food he brought, it refused to eat.

Villagers offered different advice:

“Try salt water.”

“Call a vet”

“Give it herbs.”

“Maybe it was bewitched.” Nothing worked. Then one afternoon, a stranger appeared offering to buy the pig at a surprisingly good price.

Kwenje refused immediately. “This pig will grow bigger,” he said confidently. “I have plans for it.” The stranger nodded and left quietly.

But days later, another buyer appeared. Then another. Each offering better money. Each leaving disappointed. Still Kwenje refused to sell. Meanwhile the pig continued growing weaker.

Every day it became harder to watch. And every night Kwenje lost sleep worrying about debt.

Nine days after the sickness began, confusion arrived at the shop. A man appeared with two boys and a woman believed to be his wife. Kwenje immediately recognized him. He was the original owner of the pig.

The woman spoke first, anger burning in her voice. “This man sold the pig and wasted all the money drinking kachasu with his friends!” The man lowered his eyes in embarrassment.

“He brought nothing home,” she continued. “Now our family is suffering while he behaves like a fool.”

One of the boys pointed toward the pig enclosure. “That pig belonged to our family.”

The man finally spoke weakly. “I was wrong.” Then he looked directly at Kwenje. “Please. Give me time. I will

repay your money this afternoon after selling bananas from my farm." The woman interrupted sharply.

"You always say that!"

The argument between husband and wife quickly became heated.

"Our family planted those bananas together!" the woman shouted.

"But the land belongs to my parents!" the man replied angrily. "It is mine!" Kwenje finally raised his hand for silence. "You people are bringing family problems to me while I am the one losing money here."

Everyone became quiet. Then Kwenje said firmly: “If my money is not returned, I take the bananas instead.” The woman nodded immediately. “You better collect them quickly before they disappear mysteriously.”

The man glared at her.

But in the end, the pig was returned to the family while Kwenje waited for repayment.

Later that afternoon, Myani arrived at the shop. One look at Kwenje’s face told him something had gone wrong.

“What happened?”

Kwenje explained everything quietly.

The pig.

The family.

The failed repayment.

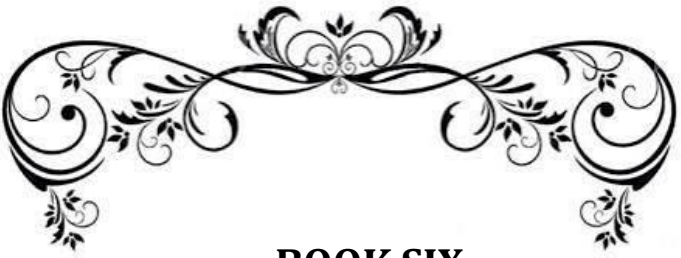
The bananas.

When the story ended, Myani lowered her eyes thoughtfully. “This situation was never supposed to become this complicated,” he murmured.

Kwenje looked confused. “What do you mean?” But Myani only shook his head.

“Nothing.”

**For the first time since meeting Kwenje, genuine worry entered the heart of the god. And far beyond Earth, unseen forces had already begun moving.**

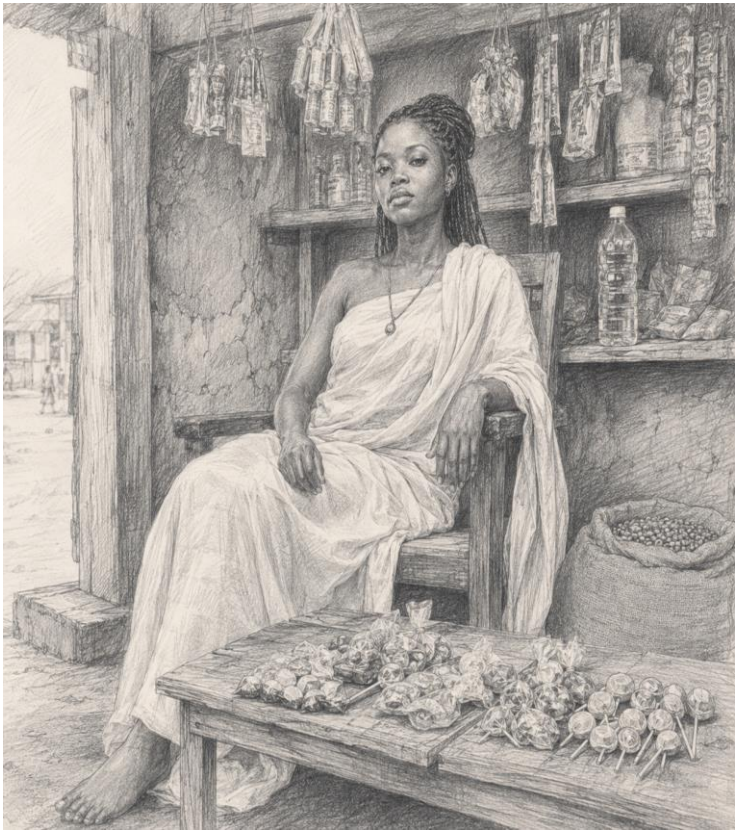


# BOOK SIX

## PART TWO: GODS WITH MEN

# BOOK SIX

## *PART TWO: GODS WITH MEN*



# CHAPTER I

## *THE WEIGHT OF INTERFERENCE*

The troubles in Nyamazawo did not end. Days became weeks, and the drunk man, Kumwenda, continued haunting Kwenje's shop like a curse that refused to leave. Sometimes he came alone.

Sometimes with friends.

Sometimes sober enough to speak clearly. Sometimes too drunk to stand properly. Yet every visit carried the same demand. “Pay me for the bananas. I gave you more than needed” At first, Kwenje ignored him. Then he argued with him. Then he tried to reason with him.

But slowly, the pressure began eating away at his patience. The villagers watched. Some laughed. Some pitied him. Others simply enjoyed the drama.

One afternoon, Kumwenda arrived more drunk than usual. His friends surrounded the shop, shouting loudly and mocking

Kwenje in front of customers. “You think you are rich now?” one shouted. Another laughed. “Maybe this shop belongs to us too!”

Kwenje tried to remain calm. But Kumwenda pushed him. Then another man grabbed a bag of sugar from the counter. Something inside Kwenje finally broke. Before anyone could react, he struck Kumwenda hard across the face.

The man stumbled backward. But Kwenje did not stop. Months of frustration exploded at once. He beat Kumwenda until blood ran down the man’s mouth and onto the ground. The

crowd screamed. People rushed forward and pulled Kwenje away. “What is wrong with you?” an old woman shouted.

“He is drunk!”

“Do you want to kill him?”

Kumwenda sat on the ground bleeding heavily while his friends held him upright. Some villagers advised him to go to the clinic. But Kumwenda wiped the blood from his face and shook his head. “No,” he said bitterly. “This matter will go before the chief.”

# CHAPTER II

## *THE HEARING*

Before the hearing began, one of the oldest councilmen stepped forward carrying a small wooden bowl filled with sacred herbs and water. The conversations among the villagers slowly faded into silence. The elder knelt

beneath the great tree and poured a few drops upon the earth before raising his hands toward the sky.

“Ancestors who watch over this land,” he began solemnly, “and spirits who walk unseen among us, be present as we judge this matter today. Let no corruption sit among us. Let no injustice find a place beneath this tree. Guide our ears so that we may hear truth. Guide our eyes so that we may see beyond deception. Guide our hearts so that personal friendships, anger, fear, or pride do not influence our judgment.”

The elder lowered his head briefly before continuing. “If the accused

speaks falsehood, let the ancestors know it. If the accuser twists the truth for selfish gain, let the spirits bear witness. If any man brings false witnesses or dishonest testimony before this council, may the gods and ancestors deal with him according to his wrongdoing. And if we ourselves judge unfairly, may we answer before those who came before us and those who watch from beyond." The council murmured in agreement.

The elder sprinkled the remaining water onto the ground. "May truth stand. May

lies fall. May justice walk among us today."

"Amen," some villagers replied softly.

Only then did the hearing begin.

The hearing took place beneath the large trees near the chief's gathering ground. Villagers surrounded the council quietly. Kumwenda explained his side first, exaggerating parts of the story while pretending innocence.

Then Kwenje spoke. He explained the constant harassment, the threats, the drunken disturbances at his shop, and how long he had endured the

humiliation. Many villagers supported Kwenje's explanation. Even the chief admitted that Kumwenda's behavior had been irresponsible and disruptive.

Still, the chief looked at Kwenje seriously. "You allowed anger to control you," he said. He pointed toward the blood stains still visible on Kumwenda's clothes. "Blood is sacred. Human blood is not meant to flow before the eyes of people." The gathering became silent.

The chief continued: "When a drunk man loses control, wisdom demands that the sober one remains wiser." After long discussions, judgment was given.

Kwenje was ordered to compensate Kumwenda with: one chicken as apology for the violence, and two chickens for the council. Kumwenda himself was punished as well.

He was also ordered to provide the council with three full twenty-liter containers of bananas for causing disorder within the village. The chief then addressed the people. “Violence weakens a community. If we begin solving every problem with fists, then even children will grow believing blood is normal.”

**The hearing ended quietly. But inside Kwenje, something heavy remained.**

# CHAPTER III

## *MYANI CONFRONTS ALUSI*

The punishment became difficult for Kwenje. He could not afford chickens anymore. Instead, the council allowed him to pay slowly with money over time. Little by little, his earnings disappeared. Customers reduced.

Supplies became fewer. The small shop that once carried hope now carried exhaustion.

Kwenje stopped smiling as often. And Myani watched everything.

Far beyond Earth, anger burned inside Myani. She descended into the dark reaches of Kumizimu. She no longer wore the appearance of the young man Kwenje knew. Here, in the realms of the gods, she stood in her true divine form. There sat Alusi among spirits and shadows, calm as always. Alusi, a god who walked between balance and corruption, feared not because of

power—but because of what he knew about divine order. When he saw Myani approaching, he laughed softly. “So,” Alusi said, “you remember me now.”

Myani stepped forward angrily. “If there is a problem between us, then let us settle it directly.”

Alusi leaned back. “But I thought you preferred praying to Mphambe.” His smile widened mockingly. “It is easy for you to stand proudly before me. Yet before Mphambe you bow your head.”

The surrounding spirits grew silent. “You little gods still refuse to respect me,”

Alusi continued. “Even after everything I maintain.” Myani clenched her fists. “Leave Kwenje alone.”

At that, Alusi’s expression darkened slightly. “You came into my realm to command me?” A cold wind moved through Kumizimu. “Go and ask Mphambe how dirty I became when he once challenged me.”

The spirits nearby slowly retreated into the shadows, sensing danger. But Myani restrained herself. For a moment, her anger nearly overcame reason. Then she turned away and left. But even as she departed, doubt lingered—because for

the first time, she could not tell whether she was correcting fate... or breaking it further.

# CHAPTER IV

## *THE WORDS OF MPHAMBE*

Myani later approached Mphambe. She found the great deity holding council with other divine beings. When the meeting ended, Myani explained everything.

Mphambe listened quietly. Then he sighed. “You still fail to understand.”

Myani frowned.

“What do you mean?”

Mphambe stood slowly.

“You interfered with a human path.”

“I only helped him.”

“And that help created consequences.”

The words struck heavily.

Mphambe continued: “You see criticism directed toward yourself. But the human suffers the true casualty.” He walked slowly through the hall.

“When gods alter mortal choices, realities branch. Possibilities divide. Destinies shift.”

Myani lowered her eyes.

Mphambe stopped before her. “Alusi does not create disorder from nothing. He manipulates paths already falling apart.” No one spoke. Then Myani asked quietly: “Alusi walks Earth disguising himself among humans… why do you allow it?”

Mphambe laughed softly. “Because the more tricks he uses, the more I learn about him.” He looked upward

thoughtfully. “Besides, Alusi wants gods to doubt me. He wants young deities like you to believe he understands reality better.”

“He offers positions to those who follow him.”

“But I do not fear that.”

Myani remained troubled. All she wanted was to help her friend. Yet every attempt seemed to worsen Kwenje’s suffering.

Frustrated and exhausted, Myani returned to Alusi once more. This time, she approached calmly. “I came to

apologize," she said. Alusi stared at her for a moment, surprised. Then he nodded slowly.

"Good. From now on, stop rushing here every moment. Speak properly when necessary." Myani remained silent. Alusi then asked:

"How do you want your friend's story to end?" Myani looked at him suspiciously. "As if you can change stories, you are not allowed to intervene with the mortals." Alusi smiled faintly.

"Oh, are you?" The words cut deeply. After a pause, Myani silently spoke to

herself: “I only want him to return to the right path. Maybe… maybe he should have ignored my advice from the beginning.”

Alusi nodded. “By the way, how would buying his pig help sort the problem?” Myani looked sharply at him. For a brief moment, neither spoke. Then Alusi said calmly: “For now, your friend will struggle. But eventually, life will settle back into its proper direction.” Myani stepped closer. “Do not interfere further.”

Alusi laughed quietly. “You gods always call me the villain.” He rose slowly from

his seat. “But tell me honestly—what did I truly do wrong?”

“You changed a human path first. I only tried returning it to balance.” Myani shook her head angrily. “You manipulate everyone. You push gods into mistakes and then pretend to fix them afterward.”

Alusi smiled. “That may be true.” Then his eyes narrowed slightly. “Perhaps I should tell your human friend the truth about you.”

Instantly, Myani moved forward threateningly. The spirits nearby vanished into hiding. The tension inside

Kumizimu became unbearable. But before violence erupted, Myani stopped herself. She stepped back slowly.

Then warned: “Do your duty. Leave humanity to those responsible for it.” Without another word, she disappeared from the realm.

After that day, Myani returned to Earth, disguised herself as a man once again. This time, she no longer watched from afar. She stayed beside Kwenje openly as a friend. They discussed business ideas together.

Worked together.

Planned together.

And though Kwenje still did not know the truth... Myani remained determined to help him survive the suffering her own interference had caused.

Not as a god. But as a friend trying to finish what she had started.

Kwenje smiled.

"You know... I don't know what I would have done without you. you're a loving brother"

Myani smiled back, though his heart grew heavy.

"Neither do I," he whispered.

*The end*

**See you in the next projects.**

**Send your feedback at our email: yezyastudio@gmail.com**

# GLOSSARY OF TERMS

(*Chronicles of African Deities*)

## A

### Alusi

A deity who rules Kumizimu (the Underworld). He maintains order among spirits.

### Anchors of the Ancestors

Humans chosen before birth and marked by the ancestors. They serve as spiritual conduits between mankind and divine forces.

## B

### Bwezera

A demon from Kumizimu that spreads by moving through suffering and possession. It travels between hosts rather than remaining in one body.

## C

### Chawuta

Supreme Creator God. He created existence, mankind, and all realms, maintains balance, hears prayers, and oversees all creation.

### Chawuta's Brother (The Brother)

First Craftsman of creation and former equal to Chawuta. He introduced division, choice, ambition, and suffering into existence. He is imprisoned in Muchumu.

## I

### Ingwalaba

Cosmic beings created by Chawuta's Brother. The term is an invariant noun, meaning it can refer to one or many beings depending on context.

### Inyanga

Charms, objects, or spiritual items used in witchcraft or magical practices. They are believed to carry spiritual power for protection, harm, or influence.

## J

### Jagiba

A god of hunting, and warriors. He inspires fighters and protects kingdoms in times of battle.

## K

### Kachasu

Locally brewed alcoholic drink made through fermentation and distillation of maize or other grains. (Scientific alcohol: ethanol).

### Kalonga

Male deity who serves as mediator of the gods. He maintains unity among divine beings and presides over divine councils. Symbol: Staff.

### Kumizimu

Realm of the dead and spirits.

## M

### Mani

Primordial consciousness that emerged from Ng'anda. Mani's first division gave rise to Chawuta and Chawuta's Brother.

### Mphambe

A god of the heavens. He protects reality from cosmic threats and maintains celestial order.

### Myani

A goddess who represents compassion toward humanity. She often defends mankind before the other gods.

**Muchumu**

Void prison created to contain Chawuta's Brother. It exists outside normal reality, beyond time and return.

**N**

**Nangogo**

Known as the "Eyes and Ears of the Gods." A chosen human messenger who interprets divine will and communicates sacred warnings.

**Nanyengo**

Spirit Walker chosen by the ancestors. She can move between the world of the living and the dead to fight spiritual threats.

## Ng’anda

Primordial state of existence before creation. It is not a god but the boundless origin of all reality.

## S

## Sing’anga

A spiritual healer or witch doctor. They act as a bridge between humans, ancestors, spirits, and gods. Some are chosen by kingdoms, while others gain their power through spiritual calling. Their true alignment (good or evil) is often unknown.

## T

### The Ancestors

Spirits of the righteous dead who guide the living, carry prayers to the gods, and maintain spiritual balance.

## V

### Vimbuza

Traditional dances performed during spiritual ceremonies. These dances may involve possession, healing rituals, and communication with spirits or ancestors.

## REALMS

1. **Heavens**

   Realm of gods and divine order.

2. **Mortal World**

   Realm of humans and life.

3. **Kumizimu**

   Realm of the dead and spirits.

4. **Muchumu**

   Void prison of Chawuta's Brother.

The Divine Pantheon continues to grow as the story unfolds. Additional deities, legendary champions, spirits, and supernatural beings may be revealed in future books within the Chronicles of African Deities.

## Upcoming Projects

The world of *Chronicles of African Deities* is expanding. Explore our upcoming releases currently in development:

| Title | Format | Release Date |
|---|---|---|
| The Messenger | Movie | 12 September 2026 |
| Nanyengo | Movie | 12 December 2026 |
| The Hunters | Comic | *Coming Soon* |
| Nanyengo | Comic | *Coming Soon* |

Stay Tuned: Many more exciting booklets, comics, and stories are currently in development.

Thank you for reading, and welcome to the world of the Chronicles of Africa.

A collection of African mythology stories exploring gods, ancestors, spirits, creation, battles, and cosmic balance. This booklet contains one part of a larger universe of ancient and modern divine stories yet to be revealed.

# THE LEGENDS WILL NEVER DIE.

From the dawn of creation to the age of men,
from the rise of kingdoms to the silence of the gods—
the Chronicles of African Deities unfolds
an epic saga of power, prophecy, sacrifice, and destiny.

Across six powerful books, the fate of mortals
is shaped by divine will, ancient secrets,
and battles that echo across time.
In a world where gods walk among men
and every choice carries a consequence,
one prophecy rises above all—
the prophecy of Muchumu.

## THIS BOOKLET CONTAINS 6 BOOKS:

1. AGE OF MEN
2. BEFORE BREATH AND THOUGHT
3. THE BURNING OF NKHANGA
4. ECHOES OF THE CELESTIAL RIFT
5. THE SHADOW OVER CHISAUTSO
6. GODS WITH MEN

## THE CHRONICLES CONTINUE...

More projects are on the way.


STAY CONNECTED

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